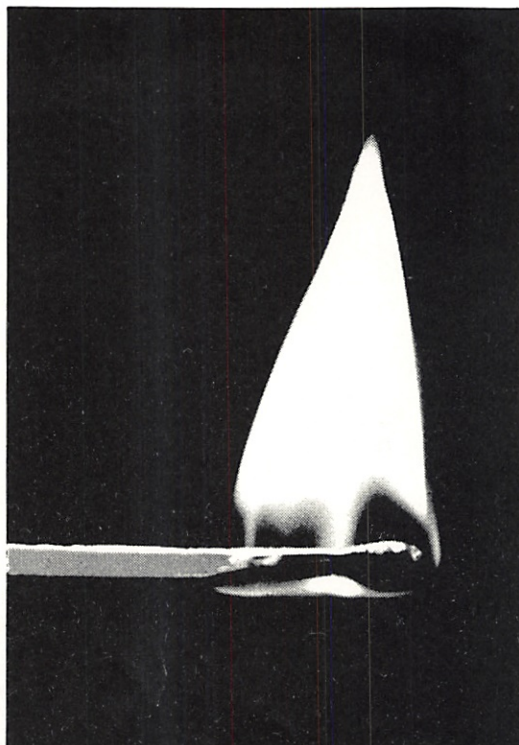


BitterSweet^{95¢}

December, 1979 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. III, No. 2



BitterSweet's Second
Christmas Catalogue



Fire can be deadly.

We urge you to protect
yourself and your family -
be safe this year.

robert l. milton

INSURANCE AGENCY

for all your insurance needs

• LIFE • GROUP
• AUTO • HOME

Lower Main Street, Norway

743-6554

871 Court Street, Auburn

783-1221



See How It **GROWS!**

YOUR PERSONAL SERVICE BANK



NORWAY SAVINGS BANK

NORWAY • BRIDGTON • FRYEBURG

Member FDIC

Dear Peter—

Dec '79

Maw an' I decided to git our tree an' presents done up early this year an' then sit back an' enjoy the Christmas season. She headed out over to your place to buy some of your practical gifts for all our cousins. I went an' got the ax an' headed into the woods. Old Blue came too. We covered the back forty of King Hill pretty much. We was just bout to give up when we spied this beauty just a hangin' there from one of em ridges. We finally got up there an' took a look down. That tree was way down. Right off I knowed just what to do. I hauled off my galluses an' tied one end to a tree the other 'round my waist. I knew if I jumped down the galluses would stretch an' I would reach the tree. Once the tree was cut the galluses would pull me back up. I gave the tree the final cut. Wing-g-g-g!! I flew right up over that ridge, picked up Blue who was sittin' an' watchin'. Darn good galluses. Old Blue, tree an' me landed right in Market Square. Right square through Casso Bank winda. What a mess an' what a time, specially when the police arrived. We finally got home an' maw had all the gifts wrapped. We set up the tree an' placed the gifts under. Right after supper we started a decoratin' the tree. We got the tree all trimmed, but the star on top. so I boosted maw upon my shoulders with the star. We weaved an' bobbed a bit 'til maw got a hold of the tree. She was mighty hefty. Old Blue got agoin' 'round an' 'round the tree pretty crazy, hit my legs with a mighty force. I got a reelin' 'round an' lost complete control of maw. She came right down through the tree, strippin' the branches an' crashed amongst the gifts. They looked awful. Maw didn't look too bad with them lights strung from head to her toes, just a blinkin'. Old Blue never saw such a sight. He let out one long howl an' headed for maw. Maw lit out through the front door, Old Blue right behind. We had them lights hooked on one of them extension cords. What a sight! These Christmas lights dartin' in an' 'bout the yard. Watched it for 'bout an' hour 'til Maw reached the end of the cord. Pop!! It was dark an' quiet. Guess Maw'll be back shoppin'. Old Blue an' me, well be headin' out to the back forty. —Bert

Dear Bert—

you're takin' too much of my space. As you sid,
"we're your PRACTICAL GIFT GIVING STORE"

"Merry Christmas
to Maw, from
All of us, at
Paris Farmers Union"

Bert.



5 Portland Street, Bridgton, 647-2382



Mon.-Fri. / 9:00-5:00
Sat. / 9:00-12:00

The
Uniform
Barn

SHARON HATCH
15 Beal Street / Norway, Maine 04268
743-7731

Brown's
Apparel Shop for fashions

Northern Isle Sweaters
Pantsuits
Skirts and Blouses

feel free to browse

190 Main Street - Norway - 743-2151

BitterSweet

RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220, (207) 336-2517

Michael & Sandy Wilhelm Publisher & Editor
Nancy Marcotte, Copy & Production Editor
Tom Stockwell, Advertising Manager
Lottie Record, Distribution Manager

Subscription Inquiries: Write above address or call 207/336-2517. **Rates:** U.S. Territory & Possessions \$9/12 issues. Newsstands 95¢/copy. Canadian & foreign addresses \$11/12 issues.

Contributions: We encourage the submission of manuscripts, artwork & photography. We ask that all material be from local contributors or of local interest. Please submit to The Editor, **BitterSweet**, the above address. We will return your material if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment is made following publication. **BitterSweet** cannot be responsible for unsolicited material.

BitterSweet is published the first week of each month. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. by Western Maine Graphics, Inc.

Editorial Closing: Six weeks prior to publication.
Advertising Deadline: One month prior to publication.



*Come and see
what we have at*

SWAN SUPPLY

13 Main Street - Norway - 743-5173

Woodstoves

Homebuilding Projects

Paint - Plumbing - Electrical
Supplies



*Service you can count on
Ideas you can build on*

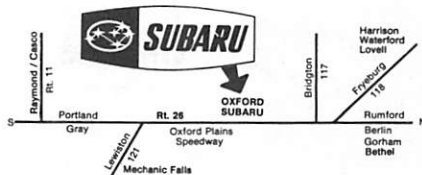
SEE THE EXCITING ALL-NEW 1980 SUBARUS!

Longer - Wider - More Performance
Hatchbacks - 5-Speeds - Autos - 4-WD's

"Your country Subaru dealer—
where it costs less to trade."

OXFORD SUBARU

Rt. 26 • Oxford, Me. • 207-539-4427



JEWELL TIRE CENTER

An independent tire dealer
for today's market
featuring **Delta,**
Star and Michelin Tires



Oxford
Hills
Bowling



TO BETHEL

ROUTE 26

Approx.
½ mile to
Market Square
South Paris

**Jewell
Tire
Center**

Hillside
Racquetball

Shocks, Mufflers, Brake Jobs, Tune-Ups
Grease, Oil, Exhaust Systems, Alignments, State Inspections
Also Complete Truck Tire Service

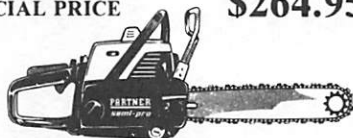
Jewell Tire Center - Rt. 26 - South Paris, Maine
743-8117



PARTNER CHAIN SAW FALL "PROMO" SPECIALS



PARTNER S50 w/15" B & C
Regular Price \$294.95
**FALL "PROMO"
SPECIAL PRICE \$264.95**



PARTNER F65 w/15" B & C
Regular Price \$339.95
**FALL "PROMO"
SPECIAL PRICE \$299.95**



Offer good from September 1, 1979 through November 15, 1979

FEATURES: MODELS S-50 & F-65 HEAVY-DUTY GASOLINE CHAIN SAWS

Model/Item Code No.	Engine Spec. Bore & Stroke	Displace- ment Cu. In.	Fuel Cap. Pts.	Chain Oiler Cap. Pts.	For Chain & Bar Sizes	Chain Pitch	Chain Gauge	Guide Bar Supplied	Dry Wt. Bar & Chain	Ship Wt. Lbs.
S - 50	1.73" x 1.42"	3.4	1.58	.74	16" thru 20"	3/8"	058	15 Replacement Roller Nose	12.3 lbs.	18 1/3
F - 65	1.83" x 1.42"	4	1.58	.74	16" thru 20"	3/8"	058	15 Replacement Roller Nose	14.1 lbs.	20 5/8

Also: Wood-Splitters - Logging Hardware

OXFORD SAW SALES
(across from Norway Drive-In)

Old Route 26

743-7205



GETTING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Getting the Christmas tree has always been an anticipated annual ritual in these parts. Shortly before Christmas, Father would often say, "Let's go get the tree," and the whole family would bundle up warmly and set off for the family woods in the gray December afternoon.

It took a little searching to find the right tree. We would climb up the hillsides, go down through sloping pastures and orchards to the stand of evergreens. It was quite another, peaceful world. The branches murmured gently overhead. We were protected from the chilling gusts of wind. The air was so filled with cold, clean, tangy fragrance that it took your breath away.

From among the thick growth we would try to find a tree of good height, one that was well-shaped all around and had a spike on the top. We usually looked for a balsam fir or spruce, because pine needles spilled off so easily when brought inside.

A few strokes with the axe, and we could pull the tree out of the woods on our toboggan. The snow crunched loudly under our boots and our faces were frosty wet with laughter in the winter air. It was very special.

The farmer knew that there was nothing wrong with cutting the Christmas tree—if you took one from your own land where they grew thickly. The wood lots need pruning and thinning just like all other crops.

For generations, parents and their children have gone forth with their axes. The green trees have been placed in humble country homes; the star placed on the top as a symbol of our hope for real "peace on earth, good will to men."

We like to think that, in Maine at least, it is still possible. We take our own children to woods that we have permission to cut from. We listen to the quiet, we laugh, and we bring our own tree home.

Merry Christmas!

N.M. □

Crossroads

Christmas in the Maine Woods

by Stanley Foss Bartlett	7
Ayah	10
You Don't Say: The Hole	11
Winter Photos by Nettie Cummings Maxim	12
Goings On	14
Making It: Winning Wreaths	15
Can You Place It?	16
Peddler/Brainteaser	17
Recollections: Courtroom Humor by Raymond Atwood	18
Sweet Find: Recycle Your Tree	20
BitterSweet's Second Christmas Catalogue	21
Homemade: With Honey by Nancy Marcotte	29
Medicine For The Hills by Dr. Michael Lacombe	32
Maine Is Forever: December by Inez Farrington	34

Thinking of Country Things: Birds

by John Meader	38
Jay's Journal: White Christmas by Jay Burns	41
The Home Front: Paris Hill	44

Poetry

Birkebeiner by Janice Bigelow	15
Jack Frost's Palette by T. Jewell Collins	18
Oddities of Nature by T. Jewell Collins	37

Credits

Illustrations: Pg. 7, Stanley Foss Bartlett; Pg. 14, Winslow Homer; Ppg. 21-28, Tom Hillman; Pg. 20, Nadja Bolio; Ppg. 29, 35, 39, 43, Mary Wallman; Pg. 40, Britt Wolfe. Photos: Pg. 4, Molly Ray; Ppg. 10, 12, 13, 16, Nettie Cummings Maxim; Ppg. 15, 31, Nancy Emerson; Ppg. 44-46, Sandy Wilhelm; Pg. 48, Hutchinson Brothers. Cover Photo: Santa's China Dolls by Sandy Wilhelm

**I don't
get it!
Puzzled?
Try S.E.***

*Simplified English

Does trying to read your
present insurance policies
get this reaction from you?

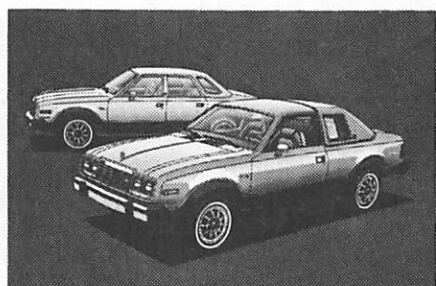
At Goodwin's we have a number of
NEW "EASY TO READ" Insurance policies. They are not full
of the legal - technical language that may get the "I don't get it
reaction from you. We just might have one to fit your needs and
budget.

**Goodwins, Inc.
Insurance / Bonds**

**31 Paris St., Norway, ME 04268
Tel. 743-8963**

We want to make Insurance work for you

Stuart Goodwin Robert Goodwin Winfield Partridge

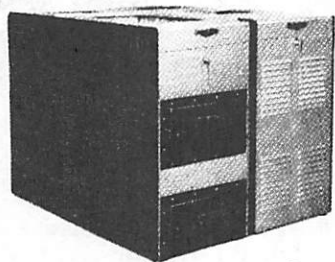


American Eagle
THE EAGLE HAS LANDED
...ON ALL FOURS.

fully automatic 4-wheel drive
Ziebart factory rust protection—
5-yr. No Rust Through Warranty
available in 2-door, 4-door, or wagon



O.K. CLIFFORD CO.
80 PARK STREET Telephone 743-6201
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE



THERMO-PRIDE

**WOOD/COAL
FURNACE**

As a Companion Unit

In a Companion Application,
the Oil or Gas Furnace will automatically
take over and maintain the temperature
when the amount of wood or coal remaining
no longer provides the necessary heat

Wood/Coal Furnace is Efficient and Built to Last

We Specialize in Blown-in Cellulose Insulation

JOHN P. CULLINAN COMPANY

743-8991

CHARLES STREET, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

A Christmas in the Maine Woods



A more or less true story of Christmas in a Maine lumber camp.

by Stanley Foss Bartlett

Ordinarily, the only observance of the Christmas holiday in the lumber camps of the northern Maine woods which flourished during the early part of this century was a slight change of the regular menu. The eternal beef, which appeared daily in one of its various and many forms on the cookshack table, was displaced on that special day by fresh pork; and if the cook was a good one he would also add a frosted cake to his fare.

Anyone familiar with life in camp like the one described by local journalist Stanley Foss Bartlett in the following piece, was quick to admit that a culinary observance was perhaps the lumberjack's most appropriate manner of celebrating the holiday; for, although carol-singing by a crew of husky woodsmen might be impressive, it would hardly express the sweet sacredness of the day. Gathering around an evergreen tree or hanging snow-wet socks beside the bunkhouse stove would hold no special significance for them because these things were a part of their daily routine.

However, the lumberjacks of Camp No. 5 on the shore of Allagash lake, a hundred miles from the "outside" enjoyed a real Christmas one year and it was for "a little child to lead them."

Camp No. 5, in the heart of a vast spruce wilderness and buried under four feet of snow, was a typical lumber-camp. Its crew of a hundred or so men was made up of the usual types of northern woodsmen—Yankee, Canadian, Frenchman, Pole and Indian.

But this camp differed in one respect from the other outfits in the vicinity, for a woman and child lived there, the wife and daughter of a Finnish saw-filer.

The Finnish filer and his little family lived in a small log camp near the bunkhouse and cook-shack of the operation. Minna, the child, was four years old, golden-haired and happy and a pet among the rough but kind woodsmen. One day in the latter part of December, as "Big Joe" MacDonald dangled the youngster on his knee, he asked her playfully, "What do you expect Sandy Claus to bring you?"

The child was apparently mystified by the question and inquired simply, "Who's Sandy Claus? Him or him or him?" she asked, innocently pointing her mittened hand toward lumberjacks sitting nearby.

"No, none of those homely old timber-beasts is Sandy Claus," laughed Big Joe. "Don't you know about Sandy Claus, baby?"

"No, me not know him," answered the little girl, "Where is he?"

The burly lumberjack was obviously embarrassed by the child's ignorance of the great "saint" who was so familiar to all the young men he had ever known, but he replied, "Wal, this here Sandy Claus is a big, red-faced, fat fellar that lives at the North Pole; I reckoned you'd know more about him than I do; you better run home to yore mummy naow, she'll tell you all about this Sandy guy."

On the following day, in the course of conversation, the Finnish filer remarked with a grin to Big Joe, "Mr. Joe, you got some explainin' to do for my baby—last night she come home and ask mama, who is Sandy Claus that Mr. Joe tell her about. And mama tell her about Sandy; that he come at Christmas time to bring present to good

leedle boys and girls, but she tell her too that prob'ly Sandy will not find a leedle girl in dis camp so far in the woods. An' baby says Sandy will find dis camp all right because he an' Mr. Joe is pals. So we are now in what you call the peekle, Mr. Joe, because Christmas come in t'ree day and we have no present for baby. You see we had not tell her about Sandy because we have been too much in woods and too much poor. Nex' year we thot we tell her and buy the present, but now she know already and we have the peekle." The filer raised his arms in despair.

Big Joe, who had been chuckling became serious, "Goshalhemlock, naow ain't it too bad that I hev spilt the beans." He walked slowly away muttering, "Thet kid's goin' to be mighty disap'inted if Sandy Claus don't land here with some playthings or somethin' for her—doggone—I allus talk too much—it's my worst weakness."

That evening in the bunkhouse as the woodsmen lolled on bunks and deacon-seats, smoking and story-telling and playing cards Big Joe spoke up and told his story. When he had finished someone guffawed but a half a hundred rebuking faces "stared down" the laughing one, and Joe added, "I reckon you boys'll have to help me outer this jam—thet kid's goin' to hev a Christmas if—by gum—if I hev to be Sandy Claus myself."

"There's an idea," exclaimed "Sleepy" Stubbs, the camp clerk, "you and a few fat pillows would make up for a good Santa, yourself, Joe. By Jiminy, I believe there's a suit of that old-fashioned red-flannel underwear, such as the old-time jacks used to wear, in the wangin-box. With a little fur trimming made from that old buffalo robe in the office, those red flannels should make a corking Santa suit."

A roar of laughter went up from the men—but nevertheless the idea gained momentum. Sparing you the details of the two following evenings in the backwoods bunkhouse, suffice it to say that they were filled with an activity of an alien sort.

Then came Christmas night, in outward appearance no different from many another winter evening in the north woods. A white blizzard was sweeping across the broad, dark spruce-lands as Henri Bouchard, the cook, struck clanging blows on the iron triangle to call the crew to supper.

Not long after the supper signal sounded, a heavy knock rattled the door of the little camp within which Nestor Hakkinen, the

finish filer, his wife and daughter were finishing their evening meal. At the filer's shouted "come in," Sleepy Stubbs opened the door far enough to insert his beaming countenance and said, "Minna, Mr. Santa Claus is over at the bunk house and he wants to see you."

The child's face glowed in an instant, "Sandy Claus at bunkhouse," she cried joyfully. She slipped down from her seat at the table and would have dashed out into the darkness and storm clad only in her long white night-gown in her eagerness to reach the bunkhouse, had not Sleepy gathered her into his heavy mackinaw and bounded through the night toward the lights of the big camp.

The surprised and perplexed parents followed in the wake of the speeding Sleepy, and they were almost as astonished as their babe when a huge white-whiskered Santa Claus greeted all at the bunkhouse door.

Hardly less astonishing was the camp interior: a profusely-branching and candle-decked spruce tree stood in the center of the room, its tip reaching the very ridge-pole, and gathered around the twinkling tree, on bunk and seat, were a hundred good-natured, grinning lumberjacks.

Joy rivalling that radiating from the face of the awed child shone on the countenances of the speechless mother and father. Before words of exclamation could be found, moist-eyed Mother Hakkinen was seated on the bunkhouse-throne, an "easy" chair padded with burlap and fashioned from a flour-barrel. The excited and tousled Minna, still wrapped in Sleepy's big plaid coat, was placed in her mother's arms. Meanwhile, the big, slightly self-conscious Santa Claus was searching the depths of the Christmas tree's branches, and shortly brought forth a sizeable doll of doubtful classification; not a beautiful doll, but comfortable-looking in her homeliness, with eyes as bright as shirt-button eyes could be and with lips as expressive as red yarn could make them.

The great Santa held the raggedy doll in his big mittened hands for a moment and chuckled, "This here doll ain't very han'some, Minna, but she's the best Charley Chesley could build, and he's the best tailor in camp. I reckon you and she will be good pals when you get to know each other." With clumsy tenderness, Santa placed the nondescript doll in the child's outstretched hands. In less time than it takes to tell about

This Christmas



Share A Bit of Inland Maine

There's more to Maine than rockbound coasts and lobster fishermen... like the rolling hills and crystal-clear lakes around Oxford County, for instance, where the Indian Princess Mollyocket once roamed administering ancient remedies to those in need and where modern-day wanderers come in search of their own special brand of solace: hiking, skiing, and snowmobiling the magnificent hills; swimming, fishing, and boating the lakes and streams. Maine is a way of life. And **BitterSweet** is a part of it, capturing the area's special character in articles on historical happenings, old time crafts and people—past and present.

PICK BITTERSWEET THIS CHRISTMAS **The Gift That Has A Lot To Give**

AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER:
Buy 3 subscriptions, get 1 FREE. Allow four weeks for Christmas delivery.
Christmas gift card mailed upon request.



The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region • R.F.D., Box 24, Buckfield, ME 04220

Bittersweet

Subscriptions \$9 / Charter Subscribers \$8
Please enter the following subscriptions to **Bittersweet**

For Myself (please print)

Name

Street or P. O. Box

Town State Zip

For My Friend (please print)

Name

Street or P. O. Box

Town State Zip

☐ Christmas gift

Gift card
from

For My Friend (please print)

Name

Street or P. O. Box

Town State Zip

☐ Christmas gift

Gift card
from

For My Friend (please print)

Name

Street or P. O. Box

Town State Zip

☐ Christmas gift

Gift card
from

Each Canadian and Foreign address - \$2 per year additional
Please allow six weeks for delivery

Free audio editions of **Bittersweet** are now available for Print Handicapped readers
from VOICES, Inc., P. O. Box 603, Bethel, ME 04217

it the raggedy doll experienced her first kiss and was clasped to a loving breast assured of a life-long and sincere friendship.

A hundred lumberjacks smiled more broadly and nudged each other in boyish glee as they watched.

Again and again the jovial Santa reached into the mystic depths of the glistening evergreen twigs and each time he brought forth some article of masculine handiwork. There were the rabbit-skin moccasins and leggings made by Sockalexis, the Indian; there were simple wooden puzzles whittled from soft pine; a knitted cap and scarf, the work of an old trapper; a small table and chair and a doll's crib, the camp carpenter's contribution; a live squirrel in an ingeniously-fashioned cage; a child-sized hammock made by an ex-sailor; a little lantern made from an old coffee can; a number of amusing games; a small snow shovel and several other articles which were lumberjacks' conceptions of what a little girl would like.

Then, from behind the big tree, Santa

excuse to break the spell with laughter was gratefully accepted when Minna displayed the glint of gold on her small hand and cried, "See, mama, see—I big girl now!"

Before the laughter had subsided the bunkhouse door creaked and all eyes turned toward it to see Henri Bouchard, the cook, enter proudly, bearing a huge cake covered with red and green frosting. With no waste of words he placed his creation on a table and began to deftly slice it into a hundred or more pieces, while he confided to Mother Hakkinen that the red frosting was colored by beet juice and the green by sage—"Not enough to spoil zee taste, no!" he added. Turning to a cookkee he commanded, "Zee coffee she boil on zee cook-shack stove—fetch her!"

The woodsmen made merry over the luxury of frosted cake and coffee served in the bunkhouse. Meanwhile, Minna clung lovingly to Santa and when her mother said, "Now Minna say prayer," a happy little girl buried her radiant round face deep into Santa's scarlet coat, her golden curls falling

...a profusely branching and candle-decked spruce tree stood in the center of the room, its tip reaching the very ridge-pole, and gathered around the twinkling tree, on bunk and seat, were a hundred good-natured, grinning lumberjacks.

brought forth a sled, constructed of strong, light wood, gracefully curved and carved—the product of the efforts of a dozen Finnish choppers. The child's happiness was unbounded, she clapped her hands and squealed in delight at the appearance or performance of each new object.

"I reckon this ain't much like a store Christmas, Minna, but it's about the best home-made Christmas thet the boys and I could rig up for you," apologized Santa, stooping and taking the little white-robed figure into his arms, "And there's one thing more," said he gently and a bit huskily, as he drew off a large mitten and produced a tiny gold ring which he slipped onto one of the little girl's fingers, "this is Mr. Joe's gift, baby; it belonged to his mother when she was a little girl about yore age, and he'd like you to hev it an' allus keep it." The bunkhouse, unused to even the most modest display of sentiment, was embarrassingly silent for a long moment as the child gazed in wonder at her first piece of jewelry, and the

over his shoulder, and murmured a "now I lay me," adding "God bless mama and papa."

"And God bless who else, Minna?" prompted Mother Hakkinen.

The weary head was raised for a fleeting moment and a tired voice added, "And God bless Sandy and the cook and Mr. Joe and all the other fellars."

A hundred woodsmen, somewhat surprised to discover that they had been unconsciously bowed in silent prayer, raised their heads as the voice trailed off into slumber. Some self-conscious lumberjack, fearing silence, said loudly, "Joe is sure a first rate Sandy Claus, ain't he?"

"Shut up, Windy," remonstrated a campmate, in a stage whisper, "Don't wake the kid—she's fagged out by our foolishness."□

Stanley Foss Bartlett wrote the above piece for The Lewiston Journal in 1931.

WOXO

Your Only
LOCAL
Daily News
Source.

Tune In For Information
Every Morning
6 to 9 A.M.



THE VOICE OF WESTERN MAINE

114 MAIN STREET NORWAY, MAINE
TEL. (207) 743-5911

Ayah

letters to the editor

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations on a fine publication—many people are reading and enjoying **BitterSweet!**

Nancy Tyrrell
Oxford

MRS. MAXIM'S DAUGHTER

We enjoy **BitterSweet**, especially the picture. In the picture, page 34 of the October issue, my father and my brother Walter are at the left, I am next, and my brother Earle is on the ladder. It was taken in the morning and the barrels were bottom-side up with apples on top of the overturned barrels. We made a joke of that and are enjoying it in retrospect. The barrels were made in South Waterford.

Winifred Maxim Merrill
Harrison



S & X Building, Inc.
General Contractor
Residential - Commercial

Ph. 583-4091

Harrison, Me.



Above is a childhood photo of Mrs. Merrill, taken by her mother Nettie Cummings Maxim. For more of Mrs. Maxim's early 1900's photography—see page 12.

THANKS

I wanted to thank you for the article you wrote about us. It was very nice and many people have remarked to us about it. I feel like we are explained to a lot of people who might never have understood us. Thank you.

Melody Bonnema
Bethel

You don't say

THE HOLE

Dr. L., a life-long summer resident of the Hiram area, and I were discussing various things of local interest, when he casually mentioned a strange depression at the rear of his cottage at Barker Pond. As it did not seem to conform to the arrangement of the surrounding terrain, he suggested that it could perhaps be the impact point of some ancient meteorite.

Walter Twitchell, the Hiram Postmaster, who was in on the conversation, became greatly interested. Some of his enthrallment rubbed off on me and with Dr. L.'s permission, we decided to conduct an investigation.

We loaded my four-wheel drive vehicle with Walter's metal detector, various metal probes, digging and brush-cutting implements, and set out with all the anticipation of a Columbus pursuing a continent or of Halley chasing a comet.

Arriving at the "impact site" we discovered that Dr. L.'s cottage sat on the top of the moraine or ridge thrown up by the action of the glacier of the last ice age as it excavated the depression which later became Barker Pond.

The view of the western hills, backlit by the setting sun and seen through a lattice of cathedral pines, was truly breath-taking.

Dr. L. led us down a thirty-foot embankment, the back side of the moraine, into the hole. The depression was nearly round and had a thirty-foot radius. The side opposite the moraine was considerably lower and less precipitous than the side we had travelled down.

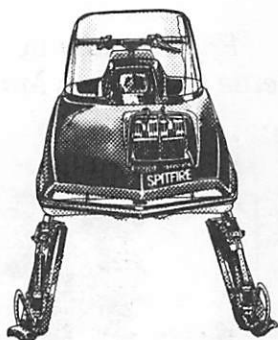
It became immediately apparent that if a meteor had been responsible for the hole, it would have to have travelled a trajectory vertical to the surface of the earth—something which all known and well-ordered meteors do not do.

The only thing that Walter's detector turned up in the metallic domain was a long-defunct sardine can, perhaps cast aside by some errant hunter.

As we stood digesting our disappointment, I noticed some surface water in a low spot and proceeded to dig. I soon came up with a handful of a black gooey substance

Page 16...

SPITFIRE™



The lightweight champ. Simple. Responsive. A great way to enjoy winter.

Get your hands on a Spitfire and enjoy the thrill that only a compact sled can deliver. Spitfire is pure fun... 275 pounds of frolic set in motion by a free-air 340 powerplant. Unique direct-drive system has about 40 fewer parts than most larger sleds. Canted ski spindles for better stability. Aluminum slide-rail suspension. Mikuni carb. CDI. Heavy-duty shock cushions the ride.

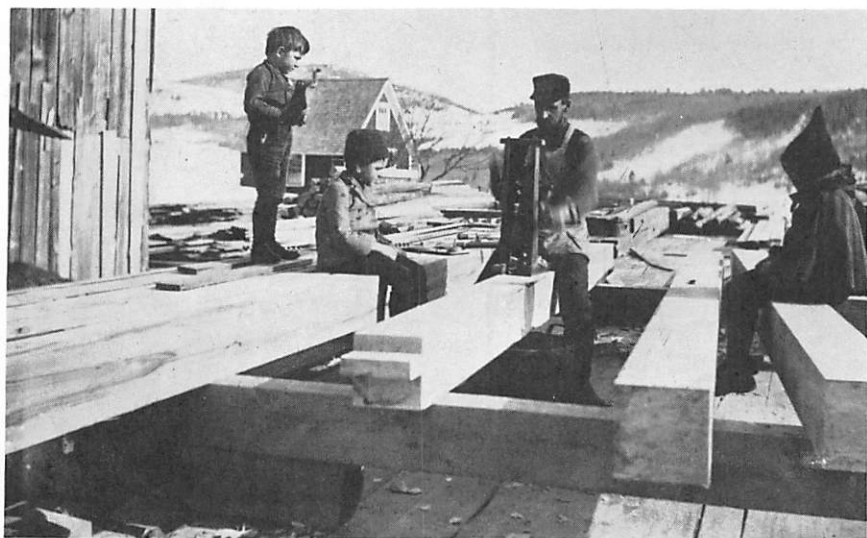


A. W. WALKER & SON

166 Main Street - South Paris - 743-2525
Your Agway Dealer

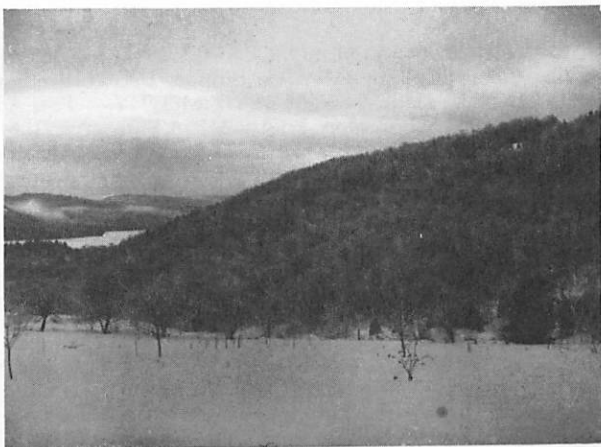
Winter at Locke Mills, ca. 1905

*Photography by
Nettie Cummings Maxim*



At the turn of the century, Mrs. Nettie Cummings Maxim was a homemaker on Bird Hill in Locke Mills where she had been born. The mother of three active children, she was also a talented seamstress and rug-maker. In her youth she had attended Gould Academy in Bethel and gone on from there to teach school in various towns for the grand sum of \$1.50 per week.

Mrs. Maxim died in 1907, but she left behind an impressive record of her life and family—the result of her hobby. Nettie Cummings Maxim was a photographer. According to her son, Walter Maxim of Paris Hill, she had acquired lessons and a box camera from someone passing through town and after that she spent a lot of her time posing family and friends and photographing her



familiar countryside—no easy job in those days when negatives were made on glass plates and exposures took many minutes.

Nettie Maxim is the fine figure of a woman pictured at lower right, and at the upper left is her husband, Howard, and three children (from left) Walter, Earle and Winifred.



The picture was taken at the family farm on Bird Hill as Howard Maxim prepares for a barn raising. The machine he's cranking is for boring mortises and is still in existence within the family.

At lower left is the view looking north from the Maxim farm toward Bird Hill and the Ransom Cummings place. The upper right photo is looking toward North Pond, with Hicks Hill at the right of the pond.

The photograph in the middle, right, was taken on the road to Locke Mills, where a path for cattle known as "Jacob's Lane" crossed the road and continued on to the right as a driveway to Mid-Mountain Farm, where boarders were taken.

Walter Maxim and his sister, Mrs. Winifred Merrill of Harrison, have most of their mother's negatives and many prints which they have generously shared with us over the last few months. We hope to have more in the future. □



Goings On

ART

PAINTINGS BY BOB SOLOTAIRE: Treat Gallery, Bates College, Lewiston; through Dec. 21. Also: **SCUPTURE IN STEEL BY TIMOTHY NORRIS.** Gallery hrs.: Mon.-Fri. 1-4:30/7-8. Sun. 2-5; Closed Sat.

WINSLOW HOMER GRAPHIC WORK: At Hebron Academy's Hupper Gallery thru Dec. 6. Gallery hrs.: Mon.-Fri. 9-3. (Sat. & Sun. call 966-2851 or 2898.)



Raid on a Sand Swallow Colony
Winslow Homer - "Harper's Weekly" - 1874

CONCERTS

COLLEGE/COMMUNITY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA: Bates College Chapel, Lewiston, Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Free Admission.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT: "First & Friends" directed by Peter Allen will perform Benjamin Britten's "Ceremony of Carols" and popular carols at First Congregational Church, South Paris, Dec. 15 & 16, 7:30 p.m. Donations.

LPL & APL

CONCORD STRING QUARTET: playing Beethoven, Bates Chapel, Lewiston, Jan. 6, 8 p.m. Free Admission.

FILM *Bread and Chocolate* (Italian): at the Ritz Theatre, Maple St., Lewiston, Jan. 13, 2 p.m. Admission \$1.50. Not rated.

JOEL PRESS REVOLUTIONARY JAZZ ENSEMBLE: sponsored by Lewiston-Auburn Rotary Club; Children's Concert Jan. 16, Lewiston Public Library Children's Room, 3:30 p.m. Free Admission; Performance at Rotary Club Meeting Jan. 17, Steckino's, 12 noon; Center School Auditorium, Academy St., Auburn, Jan. 18, 2 p.m. Admission \$2.00 adult/\$1.00 student at the door.

FILM *Picnic at Hanging Rock:* A mystery about the turn-of-the century disappearance of some Australian schoolgirls, Ritz Theatre, Lewiston, Jan. 27, 2 p.m. \$1.50.

BRUCE McMILLAN, AUTHOR: Meet the author at Auburn Public Library Children's Room Jan. 30, 3 p.m.; Lewiston Public Library Children's Room Jan. 31, 3:30 p.m.

ETC.

FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE: Natural foods, books & literature. A member-run store, visitors welcome. 62 High Street, South Paris, Me. New hrs.: Thurs. 10 - 5, Fri. 10 - 8; Sat. 10 - 5.

SPECIAL

HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH SANTA CLAUS: Every Friday and Saturday between Thanksgiving and Christmas at the Oxford Plaza. Hutchinson Brothers old-time photos will also be taken. You can have your picture done with Santa in old-time costume or in modern dress, or simply pose for a brown-tone print without Santa. Something Special for Christmas this year!

BitterSweet will be happy to print listings of the events of your organization, church or school. Please send information to RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220 Attn. Nancy Marcotte at least a month prior to publication date. There is no charge.

Making It

MAKING CHRISTMAS FUN:

SUE LITTLEFIELD & EDITH McALLISTER OF NORTH WATERFORD

Over in North Waterford, Sue Littlefield and Edith McAllister have been putting together handmade Christmas wreaths for over a dozen years, hand-picking the boughs and wrapping the wire for hundreds of the traditional decorations.

Each year they start thinking about their craft along about the first of October when they prepare for the Fryeburg Fair Wreath-Making Contest. Their special evergreen circles (all over 10" wide) compete with many others in a contest sponsored by the Western Maine Christmas Tree Association. Sue Littlefield and Edith McAllister have been consistent winners at the fair, this year bringing home first place trophies.

The mother and daughter team begins making wreaths in earnest after the first hard frost (which "sets" the fir needles and allows the boughs to last longer). They used to work in Edith's big old-fashioned kitchen to supply many regular customers, including the doctors of the medical building and the Methodist Church in Norway, which sold many wreaths in the past.

Now, Sue says, her mother lives in a lakeside cottage so they work on a smaller scale, in the basement or wherever it's most convenient. They keep their wreaths looking as natural as possible—either undecorated or bedecked with a few red berries and ribbons (for prices of \$2.50 and up, depending on size). Special orders can be placed for silvery sparkle or for over-sized wreaths, but the women encourage ordering early because special rings must be made for large wreaths.

They will be out in the woods soon, collecting the two pick-up truck-loads of evergreen branches that they need. The busy Mrs. Littlefield also holds a job at Norway Nursing Home, as well as pursuing her other avocations, such as hunting, which she has done with her mother ever since Sue was a teen-ager.

Sharing interests and making these holiday welcoming symbols has been rewarding for the two women. As Sue says, "We've had a lot of fun together over the years."

N.M. □



Sue Littlefield (left) and her mother Edith McAllister (right) with their Fryeburg Fair trophies and wreaths. Mrs. McAllister has been plying her craft since 1956.

BIRKEBEINER

It was full o' the moon
And the night was cold
As I put on my skis
Spirits free, feelin' bold.

The stars were the candles
To light up the night,
The trees clad in ice
Were all lacy and bright.

The mountain trail beckoned,
I answered the call,
The moon laid the path
Up the crest, o'er the wall.

Silence, and frost, and
Effort entwined,
As I moved through the thicket
Of hemlock and pine.

Pole-kick-glide! It
Was cross-country form,
Through all of this woodland,
The wild things call home.

Three-toe track of partridge,
Snow-shoe trail of hare,
The wild and wonder and whiteness,
Erased my day of care.

Oh, how I loved this forest,
Oh, how I needed this time,
Alone in the cold and the moonlight,
Free to compose this rhyme.

Janice Bigelow
West Minot

which was also breath-taking, but for quite a different reason—it stunk. We had found a Muck Hole!

Muck is a mass of compressed, decayed vegetation deposited by the same glacier that made the moraine. Some say it was lifted from the Arctic tundra and deposited in various southern locations. It is a near cousin to peat and a distant relative of bituminous coal.

Our elder citizens have told us how it was the practice of the early farmers, when lacking irrigation, were accustomed to dig the muck and place it around the hills of corn and beans in their gardens. The muck's high moisture content revived the plants and the residue, high in nitrogen, made splendid fertilizer. It was a trick thought to have come down from the Indians.

Deciding not to climb back up the steep side of the moraine, we took the gentler slope and passed by another cottage owned by a relative of Dr. L. We stopped for a brief visit and recounted our adventure. Everyone

smelled my right hand which was still befouled by the sticky muck and decided that the odor faintly resembled petroleum.

One of the younger and more optimistic members of the group suggested, "Oilwell."

Walter inferred that I had simply failed to wash my hand before leaving home, which I vehemently denied.

Calmer heads cautioned that ours was an area categorized by geologists as very non-productive of petroleum.

So, somewhat disappointed, we started for home and began to ponder the results of our expedition. We envisioned Mrs. L. experimentally placing potions of muck around the beautiful flowers that surround her cottage. And we decided that should some future seismic episode transfer the muck beds to a depth sufficient to cause a metamorphosis to oil, we wouldn't be around to see the resulting product be of any use in some far-off fuel crunch.

Better it should have been a meteor! □

Raymond Cotton
Hiram

Can You Place It?



Last month's **Can You Place It?** was the village of Sumner over a century ago. October's photograph was also identified as Frye's Leap, opposite Frye Island on the east shore of Sebago Lake, by Nancy Tyrrell of Oxford; Red Gauthier, Buckfield; Mabelle Mains, Harrison; and Arthur Smith, Norway, who wrote that when the Long Lake Steamers were coming from Sebago Lake Station to Harrison, they used to come by Frye's Leap, where an Indian would dance a War Dance as a "great treat for the people on the boats." **BitterSweet** welcomes photographs of unusual places—past or present—for this space. □



PEDDLER PAGE

FOR SALE: Used aluminum combination windows and wooden sashes, various sizes. Prices from \$5.00 up. Call Harold Canwell in Oxford at 539-2578. If no answer, please keep trying.

FOR SALE: Double-paned picture window with flankers (aluminum combination storm windows.) Complete unit 50 x 95 inches—\$250.00. Tel. 647-5687.

FOR SALE: Two young grade Nubian does—\$25.00 each. Tel. 647-5687.

BRAINTEASER XV

It was a lovely day—just right, thought the Smith family, to have a picnic on the island.

But the notice on the boat clearly warned them that it was capable of carrying only 160 pounds at one time—which posed a problem, since Mr. and Mrs. Smith each weighed exactly 160 pounds, and their two sons each weighed just 80 pounds.

Nor did they want to leave the picnic basket behind—and that weighed another 25 pounds.

Happily, the four members of the family could all row, so how did they cross to the island in the fewest possible journeys?

Send your answer to **BitterSweet**, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220. The earliest postmarked correct answer will win a free subscription.

Answer to November Brainteaser

In his will, the man left his estate to his wife and child. He didn't make provisions for twins. Therefore, if the boy were born first, the estate would have been divided $\frac{2}{3}$ to the boy and $\frac{1}{3}$ to his mother. If the girl arrived first, she would receive $\frac{1}{3}$ of the estate and the mother $\frac{2}{3}$. The second baby received none of the father's estate.

Diane Nelson of South Paris was the winner of the free subscription. Answers were also received from Dana and Cyndi Hall, Lewiston; Jerry Banks, Norway; Shirly West, South Paris; and Phil LeClaire, Mechanic Falls.

The
Clean
Sweep



Chimney cleaning | caps
Black Magic trained & equipped
Insured Member of Maine Guild

Ed Hammond Fryeburg 935-3653

Thoughtfulness
springs from the heart.



Ambassador Cards

Cards &
Gifts by
Mary B

HOURS:

Mon-Th 9 - 5

Fri 9 - 6/Sat 9 - 5

200 Main St., Norway - 743-7177



L AURIE'S

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

Curling Irons w/warranty and
gift-wrapped \$9.95

Mini-dryers, 1200 watts w/warranty \$14.95

Mirrored make-up compacts
w/ten products from our newest make-up
line by *Natural Woman* - super gift \$17.50

We have many items for gifts;

Hair combs & ornaments, shampoo
specials, brushes, etc.

Gift Certificates Available

Shop **Laurie's** full family hair care
center—with something for everyone!
239 Main Street - South Paris - 743-2214

Recollections

COURTROOM HUMOR

During the first half of the 19th century Paris Hill was the center of all activity in the area. The Hubbard House was a thriving hotel which housed and fed travelers from the two stagecoach lines that converged there, one going north and south, the other east and west. I remember the large stables for the stage horses situated behind the old Union House which was also a hotel. There were at least three grocery and general mercantile stores, a tannery, a book store, a newspaper and printing office, and Paris Hill Academy. The village was the cultural center of this section of the state.

In Italy, Mount Vesuvius erupted and in minutes destroyed a city. I sometimes think that the coming of the railroad had a similar devastating effect on this little village. The Paris Hill Manufacturing Company (the sled factory later known as Paris Manufacturing Company) moved to South Paris to be on the railroad. In 1895 the *Oxford Democrat* moved to the building in Market Square now occupied by the Wheeler Insurance Agency. The old houses, the jail, and the Academy now remain as silent symbols of a culture that once was here and no longer exists.

Until 1890, the county offices and court, now situated in South Paris, were located on Paris Hill. A half a dozen lawyers practiced law in the little village. My father, a member of the Oxford County Bar, was familiar with the local scene beginning at about 1875. He

loved to tell stories of those olden days, particularly tales about the court. Here are a few that I remember:

During a long, drawn-out case involving a lumber dispute, the presiding judge remarked that it was taking a lot of the Court's time to settle a case involving "a lot of POPPLE," which was not a very valuable kind of wood. A young lawyer, probably fresh out of college, rose and said, "Your Honor, I think the word you mean is POPLAR." "No, the word is POPPLE" the judge replied, scowling down from the bench. The young men went out to the law library and returned with Webster's unabridged dictionary. He placed it on the judge's bench and said, "Webster says the word is POPLAR." The judge slammed the dictionary shut and replied, "Webster is usually right, but in this case he's wrong; the word is POPPLE!"

A famous character around here years ago ran a livery stable and "traded horses," which was an occupation viewed with some suspicion by most people. He was well-known to the lawyers and was a man of very quick wit. Once he was summoned to appear in the local court as a witness. The lawyers saw a chance to have some fun with the old man and the questioning went as follows:

Lawyer: "What is your age and occupation?"

Answer: "I am sixty years old and am a farmer."

Everyone in the court room knew what his occupation really was and it was NOT farming. The lawyer continued with his questioning: "Will you tell the jury how long you have been a farmer?"

Answer: "Sixty years, sir."

Lawyer: "You are sixty years old and have been a farmer for sixty years? Will you please tell us WHAT you did at farming for the first year or two of those sixty years?"

Answer: "Glad to, sir. I MILKED AND SPREAD MANURE!"

JACK FROST'S PALETTE

When Jack Frost nips my cheeks,
He turns them shiny red;
But when he paints the windows,
He leaves them white instead.
And then he tweaks my nose.
Until it turns to blue.
I think he has a palette
With almost every hue.

T. Jewell Collins
No. Waterford

At a winter session of the Court a weekend blizzard had blocked the roads so that one of the jury-men did not show up for court on Monday morning. The lawyers were anxious to get on with the trial and, after a conference, they approached the judge and suggested that by agreement of counsel they might proceed with the case with only eleven jurors present. The judge replied that he did not think they should do so. He said, "There is something 'mystic' about the number twelve. There were twelve months in the year, our Lord had twelve disciples, and I think we should wait for the twelfth jury-man to get here." One of the lawyers replied, "Your Honor, if I read my Bible correctly, our Lord would have been a damned site better off if He had had only ELEVEN!"



Sitting on the Hubbard House porch one evening, the judge and some lawyers were discussing a famous lawyer of the time. The judge remarked, "If brother so-and-so were here with us today and as we sat here there came down the street an elephant and a mouse, after they had passed Brother so-and-so could describe the length of the mouse's tail, the color of its fur, and the length of its whiskers, BUT IT WOULD NOT OCCUR TO OUR LEARNED BROTHER THAN AN ELEPHANT HAD PASSED BY!"

A local character was seated with a group of lawyers at the Hubbard House dinner table. He got involved in a long discussion with one of the them. The dinner had included corn on the cob. As the argument went on, the others at the table had quietly passed all the corn cobs along and piled them on his plate. Finally looking down and discovering the situation, he said, "Well, gentlemen, at least I'm not as big a hog as the rest of you—I DIDN'T EAT IT COBS AND ALL!"

Raymond Atwood
Paris Hill



David A. Lee
Bridgton, Maine
(207) 647-2550

The Chimney Sweep

Don't Make An Ash of Yourself!

Call us today for a free estimate
Warm Air Heating Specialists

Chimneys & Fireplaces
cleaned - repaired - built - relined
Stone Caps Custom-Made
Wood - Oil - Coal - Combination Furnaces & Stoves

Ask Us About Solar Heating



MOOSE RIVER DESIGNS

offers you a line of
NOTE CARDS



Each package contains:

1 each of 8 designs - 4 colors, 8 envelopes

Please send me _____ pack(s) of
Moose River Notecards @ \$1.50/pack (+ Tax)

Name _____

Address _____

(make checks payable to BitterSweet)

Mail to: **BitterSweet** - Dept. MRD
P. O. Box 178 - Oxford, Me 04270

TORO



*The price is right
at*

MILT'S Sales & Service
Rt. 302 - Bridgton - 647-2095

Sweet Finds

RECYCLE YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE

The loveliest tree-trimming legend is told of Martin Luther, who is said to have walked about one Christmas Eve under a German sky lit with thousands of stars; when he returned home, the theologian re-created the glittering heavens for his children by placing hundreds of candles on a tree.

When it gets to be December, most of us begin to make preparation for Christmas decorating. The cartons marked "Christmas Ornaments" are unpacked again and we begin to decorate, especially the Christmas tree.

But what do you do with a Christmas tree after the festivities are over? With today's high prices a good tree can amount to a small fortune, especially when used for such a short time. What a shame to toss a once-elegant tree aside so lightly—a tree that held a prominent spot in a family living room, casting its own magical spell over all who beheld it.

Too many Christmas trees are cast aside thoughtlessly after all the gaiety is over. It seems rather sad to see a tree dying by the wayside. Would it be possible to recycle it and keep that magical spell a little longer?

We managed to do just that, and at the same time give a loving gift to all those hungry creatures who struggle to survive



when the wind and snow descends. We found lots of things to decorate our tree which delighted the many feathered friends that flocked to our door and didn't mind that it was second-hand.

For decorations we used dried corn hung on a limb here and there. Stale doughnuts make excellent pickings and the children loved to string popcorn and cranberries to hang all around. Little baskets made from tiny cream containers filled with peanuts satisfied many a tiny stomach. Even lettuce leaves added a special touch to this tree, which was greatly enjoyed by a rabbit or two. Balls of suet hung in nylon net looked quite delicious.

Page 43...



HANDMADE
IN

*Broad
Daylight*

Wildflowers Pressed in Glass
Creative Design in Stained Glass
Windows - Lamps - Mirrors - Unique Gifts
Open Daily 10 - 4
No. Bridgton Rd. (Rt. 117) Tel. 647-2333

WATCH FOR SPECIALS
IN OUR CIRCULARS



**SEARS
CATALOG
STORE**
743-5181

Twin Town Plaza, South Paris

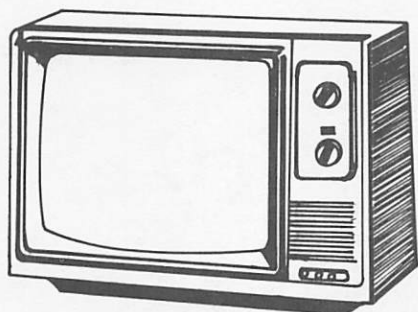
Bitter Sweet's



Christmas Catalogue

**Timeless Gifts
for today's gift-giver . . .**

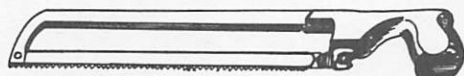
RCA Television



This 19" RCA compact table-model television is *an exceptional value AT ONLY* **\$389.95**
Special features such as *automatic fleshtone correction* guarantee superior functioning as well as **LOW POWER CONSUMPTION** for a television set that is in tune with the times. We are responsible and mean what we say.

V.H. Ashton Co.
Main Street - Norway - Tel. 743-2431

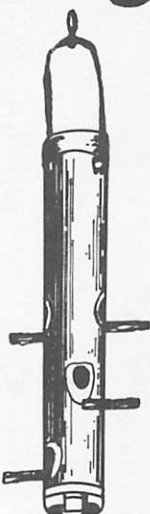
THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF CHRISTMAS FOR THE HANDYMAN



large assortment of
power & hand tools

THE IMPRACTICAL SIDE OF CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS

from birdseed to feeders



Paris Farmers Union
Bridgton - South Paris - Auburn

SMART LADIES

Mittens - Scarfs - Hats



wear Pretzels by Hansen,
Norwegian & Icelandic-
design hats, gloves, scarfs,
mittens to mix & match.

Just Because / Tally's
106 Main Street - Norway - 743-5476

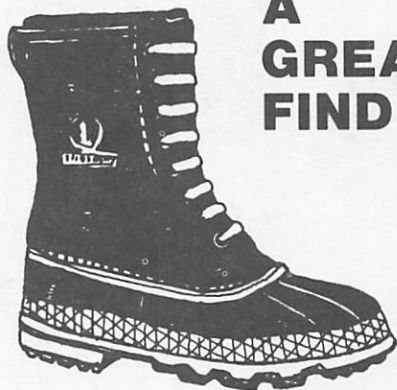


A DURABLE & ACCURATE TIMEKEEPER

What better way to keep track of the time than with a *pocket watch*? Attractive, sturdy and always within reach, this timepiece is a favorite of young and old.

Hutchins Jewelers
213 Main Street - Opera House - Norway
743-2891

A GREAT FIND



Dollar For Dollar your felt-lined boots are the warmest way to face the winter. Canadian-made, with either *nylon or leather tops*, the boots are stylish, functional, and unequalled for durability. They are especially adapted to heavy winter wear. *No intelligent person would not want to own them.*

Swett's Shoe Store
217 Main Street - Norway

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU!

The whimsical charm of this flexible handcrafted doll will live on for many years. Designed by Anna-lee Thorndike and a group of local New Hampshire craftsmen, the doll can be placed in many intriguing positions for display.



Larstorp Imports
Main Street - Norway



A PICTURE IS WORTH 1,000 WORDS

and nothing says *Merry Christmas* better than a photograph of people & places dear to you. *We Enlarge, Mount, and Copy your favorite snapshots...let a picture talk.*

Smithway Studios
144 Main Street - Norway - 743-6401

— FINE FURNITURE —



FREE ROCKER

with the purchase of living room set and a free Christmas tree with any purchase amounting to \$150 or more.

These are offers too good to pass up.

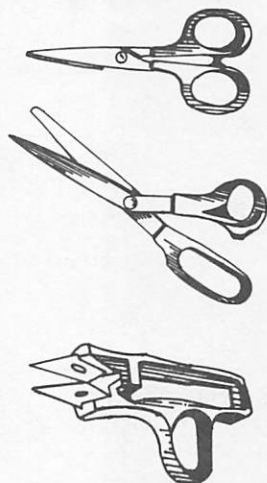
Goodwin's Discount Furniture & Appliance Center

Downtown Welchville - cor. Rts. 26 & 121
Oxford - 539-4423

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE PACKAGING COMPETITION WINNER

(8", for either the left or right hand) are beautiful and a joy to use. Their clean, contemporary design has won them a place in the design collection of *The Museum Of Modern Art*. Their comfortable molded handle and bright orange color has won them a place in the hearts of people everywhere. There should be a pair in every home in America. Fiskars 5" embroidery and needlework are also available at. . .

THE FISKARS SCISSORS



Family Fabrics

227 Main Street - Norway
The Little Green store Beside The Old Town Clock

THOSE ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS WILL CONFER A FAVOR UPON THE ADVERTISER AND THE PUBLISHERS BY STATING THAT THEY SAW THE ADVERTISEMENT in BITTERSWEET'S CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE.

Holiday Magic

In our opinion the lamp is not made that combines creativity and convenience to a greater degree than does the NIGHT LAMP.

Standing 12" high with a scroll handle and clear globe surrounding a red candle, the lamp says, "time to retire."



Littlefield Greenhouse

209 Main Street - South Paris - 743-6301

THE COAL HOD

For practical or decorative purposes this coal hod is the **Best** for the money on the market. It's sturdily made and convenient to handle and will hold logs, coal, or ashes.



L.M. Longley & Son
Main Street - Norway

EVERY BOY OR GIRL

who dresses stylishly ought to be provided with one of our **CREW NECK SWEATERS**. **WE SELL** all sizes, all colors, all designs.



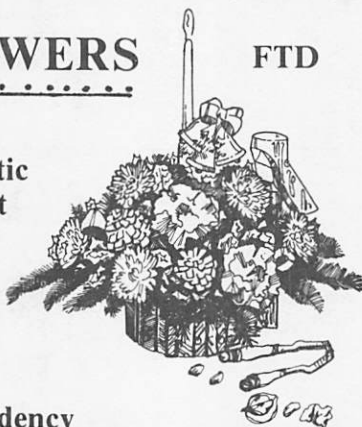
Jack 'n Jill Shoppe

247 Main St. - Norway
743-6401

FLOWERS

FTD

**The
Artistic
Effect**



The Tendency

of the age is toward artistic effects. We are abreast of the times in our particular line—flowers. Our *FTD Seasons Greetings Bouquet* is a festive arrangement of fresh flowers and holiday greens in an exclusive FTD wooden "Naturelle" bowl and featuring a Christmas candle.

It's so beautiful you'll want to send one and take one home.

Colonial Flowers

10% Off Cash & Carry
237 Main Street - Norway - 743-6553

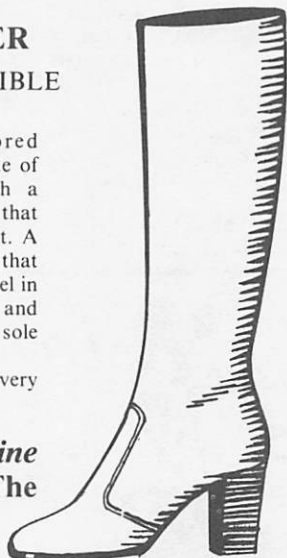
FOR EVERY WEATHER EVERYWEAR

THE LANCER IS INDISPENSIBLE

The trim, tailored **Lancer** boot is made of supple leather with a long inside zipper that assures a smooth fit. A handsome classic that takes town and travel in stride, its high heel and textured traction sole makes it.

Your everywear, every weather boot.

**By Old Maine
Trotters at The
Bootery.**



The Bootery
Oxford Plaza - Oxford
743-7200

HONEST GOODS! AT



The wearers of our casual, good-looking **Campus** and **Van Heusen** shirts swear they are the ideal sports shirts for cold weather. Made of plush velour, with an abundance of styles, they are first in the hearts of people looking for fashion and comfort, combined.

HONEST PRICES!

L.F. Pike & Son

"The Blue Store"
Main Street - Norway - 743-6561

FINE WATCH



The wearing of a fine watch is an indication of intelligence and refinement. New from Etienne Aigner is a 17-jeweled model which has been made to Etienne's exacting standards.

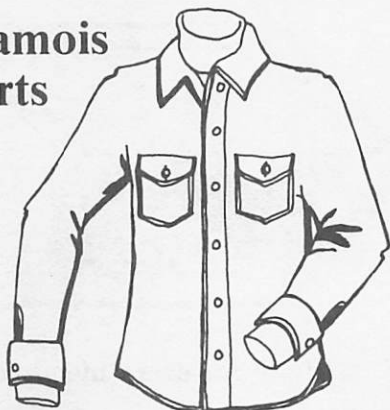
17 JEWEL

See it at **Conversation—**
Speaking of Clothes.

Conversation
"Speaking of Clothes"
Oxford Plaza—Oxford
743-8094

A WINNING COMBINATION TO **BEAT** THE COLD THIS WINTER

Chamois Shirts



MY WIFE says she can't see how we do it for the money! **\$15.95** for Maine Guide Heavyweight Chamois Shirts, regularly \$23.00. **\$4.95** for 100% Cotton Turtlenecks regularly \$7.98.

Hobbs Discount Clothing
"Come On Down" - Oxford Plaza - Rt. 26 - Oxford

B O O K S



Christmas books: **Take Joy, A Christmas Carol, The Night Before Christmas.**

Books-N-Things
Oxford Plaza - Oxford - 743-7197

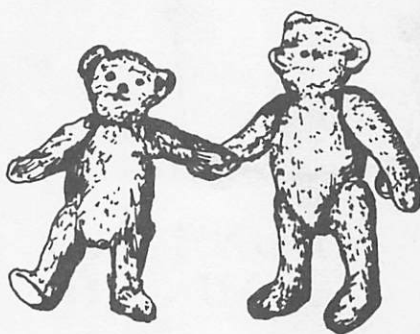


100% WOOL

Our handsome all wool vests are available in rust, navy and green. *Guaranteed to keep you warm and looking good.* Write at once. Suzie Hough Eastman, P.O. N. Fryeburg, ME 04058.

Chatham Vests
Rt. 113, North Chatham, N.H.
P.O. No. Fryeburg, ME 04058

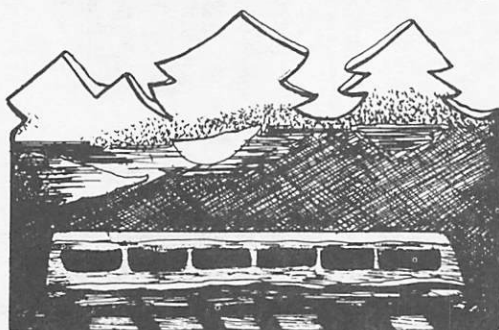
— STUFFED — TOYS



Purables are the high-quality, plush stuffed animals that actually purr when hugged. They may be seen daily 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. from now through Christmas at:

Hibby's Little Acre
on Bear River Ave. in Harrison
The third house up from Long Lake on Rt. 35.

For A Brush With Maine Every Morning



and after every meal, you'll want to try out toothbrush holder. The shape of an alpine tree silhouette, it comes with either four or six slots in blues, tans, or combinations thereof.

A large selection of other pottery gifts for Christmas giving may be seen daily 9 a.m.-5 p.m. at our shop.

For your convenience we will pack and ship all purchases UPS.

Bonnema Pottery

Main St. - Bethel, ME. 04217 (207) 824-2821

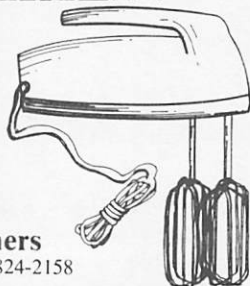
IT SAVES ENERGY



Handy and attractive, the crock pot helps you prepare mouth watering meals easily and efficiently. NO smart cook should be without one.

DON'T BUY A MIXER!

Until you've seen our traditional hand model. It is backed up by years of experience and is first in the hearts of housewives everywhere.



Brooks Brothers

Main Street - Bethel - 824-2158



STAY WARM THIS WINTER

Katz Sleepwear is scientific in its construction and artistic in its execution. Its fleece and borg pile is guaranteed for

Warmth and Comfort



Traditional Since 1842

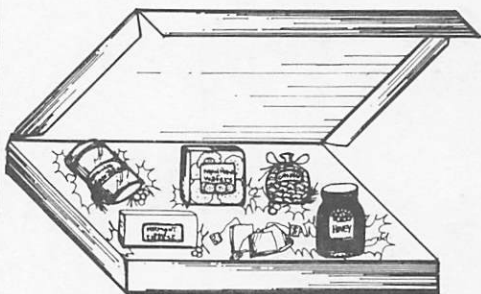
Johnson wool jackets have been a favorite for more than a century. Still available at the great low price of only \$28.

ALSO heavy wool green work pants at just \$20.

Fashion Basket / Brass Buckle

Main Street - Bethel - Visa & MasterCard Welcome

THE WHOLE FAMILY



Something for every member.

Gift packages of gourmet treats for the holiday are available at Western Maine's distinctive wine and cheese shop.

A great value for everyone on your shopping list.

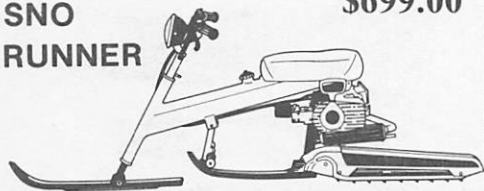
Edelweiss

Main Street - Bethel - 824-2725

Mon.-Fri. 11-7 / Sat. 9-7 / Sun. 12 - 5

SNO RUNNER

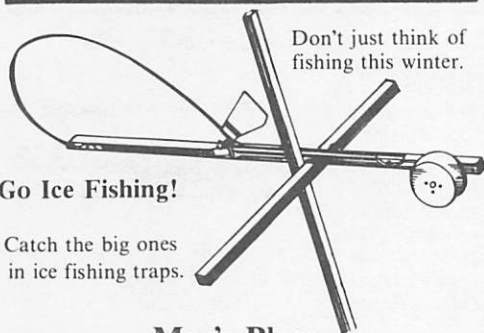
\$699.00



Introducing the exciting new winter fun machine:
low cost, fuel saving, easy to handle and versatile.

Denison's

Main St. - Bethel - 824-3344



Don't just think of
fishing this winter.

Go Ice Fishing!

Catch the big ones
in ice fishing traps.

Mac's Place

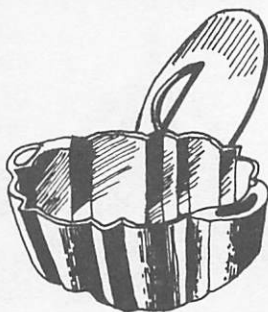
Main St. - Bridgton - 647-8855

BE FAMOUS

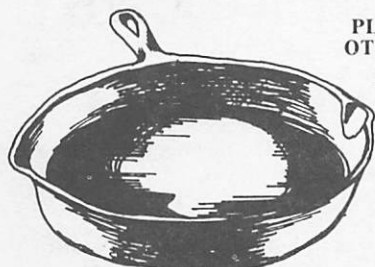
your fried chicken,
your hearty stews,
home-made corn-
bread, pot roasts and
golden griddle cakes.
Cast iron cookware
cooks best.

It Has No Equal

If you haven't tried
it, you ought to. Stop
in today (turn by The
Browsing House.)



PLEASES
OTHERS—
IT WILL
PLEASE
YOU



The Woodstove Shop

3 Pleasant Street - Bridgton, Me. - 647-8092



IT PAYS!

to wear Old Colony
\$17.95 V-neck velour
sweaters. Comes in
navy, red or tan. Sizes
S-M-L. *Everybody
buys them.*

Villager

56 Main Street - Bridgton 04009 - 647-2238

Master Charge / Visa / Lay-away

DON'T WORRY

A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT!

about a
lost HAT . . .

Have yours personal-
ized with your name or
nickname.

The personalized ski hat
comes in **70 colors**

and is *handmade in Maine.*



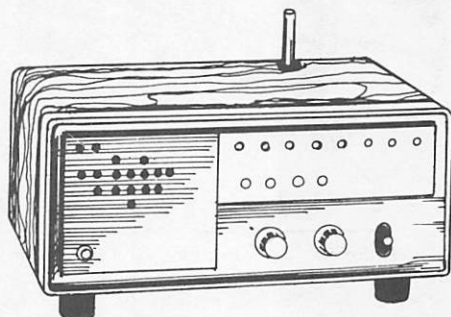
Sportshaus

61 Main Street - Bridgton - 647-5100

Decorator Styled For The Home.

The Realistic

Scanning Radio



lets you hear police, fire rescue teams. It has ham
bans, instant weather and more. Requires up to eight
crystals, with a second scan delay to let you hear the
return call.

It's Indispensable

Thurlows

Main Street - Bridgton - 647-5562

FOR THE BEGINNER: \$6.95

The "Sunday Painter" beginner oil color set is an ideal low-cost Christmas gift for the budding artist. Box



includes: 8 tubes oil colors, 2 brushes, palette, linseed oil, oil & turpentine cups, plastic tray, 24-page booklet on oil painting. **Complete Set Only \$6.95.**

The Art Shop

58 Main Street in Bridgton - 207/647-2181
9:30 - 5:00 Daily

A WREATH FOR ALL SEASONS

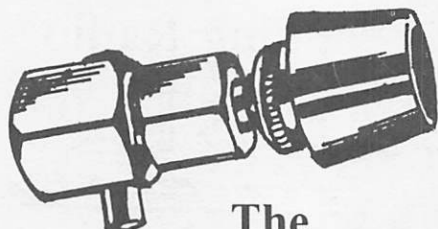
Four-season wreaths and Annalee Dolls on display Fri. & Sat. only—10:30 - 5:00 at



The Country Chickadee

Rt. 114 / Lake View Farm Rd. / N. Sebago / 787-3321

Controlled Shower Head



The Con-serv Flow

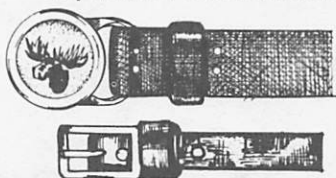
The Con-Serv flow-controlled shower head often pays for itself in less than two months. Saves in water and sewer costs. With its patented tingling spray, it does not compromise the effect or feel of a shower while cutting hot water fuel bills up to **50%**. Made of brass, it installs easily in minutes and comes with a shut-off valve for additional savings.

Also available from Con-Serv are a water/energy saving faucet aerator and a toilet tank water saver.

The Sun Barrel

Alternative Energy Store
Solar Systems / Woodstoves
36 Main Street - Bridgton - 647-5654

Say MERRY CHRISTMOOSE



with a handmade belt from Maine's oldest leather shop. Made of oil-tanned cow shoulder with a solid brass buckle: *The 1 3/4" moose belt—\$12*

The dress belt available in 3/4", 1" & 1 1/4" width—\$7-8

The Cool Moose

Main Street

Bridgton

IDEAL—\$14.95

for Christmas decorating: this handcrafted pine reproduction of a child's sled with iron runners—either unfinished or lightly stained

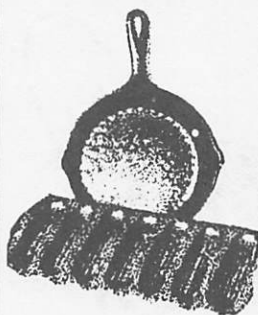


(18"x7"x3") AT ONLY \$14.95 postpaid; or hand-painted Dutch Welcome motif at \$19.95 postpaid. (Maine residents add 5% sales tax.)

King's Pines

Rt. 302 - Naples

WASTE NOT



your time and energy cooking on lesser materials, buy

CAST IRON COOKWEAR

COOK with CAST

Someone once said that the only food containers that look right over a wood stove are those of cast iron. They look pretty good on electric and gas stoves, too!

You'll find we have the traditional griddles and skillets. And we also have tea kettles, bundt pans, fish dryers, cornstick pans, popover pans, dutch ovens and the "foursome."

Enjoy cooking with the best. Cook with cast.

Bridgton Hardware

Rt. 302, Bridgton, Me. - (1/2 mi. east of traffic light)
647-3302

Homemade

Fare Share Co-op Store is a fascinating little place on High Street in South Paris. With the bin-and-barrel flavor of an old-time country store, it is run by its many members for themselves and customers who come in from the community to partake of wholesome foods like rice, dried fruits, nuts, cheeses, tamari, blackstrap molasses, whole grains, spices and real peanut butter not available anywhere else locally.

The stock on the plank shelves is small (though steadily expanding) and most prices are pretty low, but what really concerns those of us who shop there are alternatives. The literature that abounds along the

barn-board walls is concerned mainly with good ways to live: wood heat instead of oil, real foods instead of chemically treated, recycled clean jars instead of plastic.

One of the alternatives for a healthier life most highly touted by co-op members is honey instead of empty-calorie refined sugars. A few members have shared their notes on all kinds of honeyed delights with us, and what with Christmas baking imminent, it seemed a delicious time of year for bringing them to you.

HONEY: THE PERFECT SWEETENER

by Nancy Marcotte

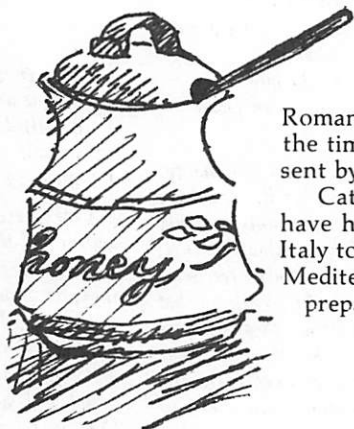
For every one pound of this perfect sweetener (which contains traces of calcium, potassium, phosphorus, vitamin C, three B-vitamins, iron, copper, manganese, sodium, folic acid, niacin and pantothenic acid) a hard-working bee must tap 2,000,000 flowers. A bacteriologist at Colorado Agricultural College has discovered that honey has the capability of destroying many disease-producing bacteria, while a Chicago pediatrician proved that honey in a baby's formula never loads an infant's blood with excessive sugar. In fact, of all carbohydrates tested, honey kept adults' blood sugar level at the right place longest.

Honey can be used in place of sugar in puddings, custards, pie fillings, baked apples, candied and sweet-&-sour vegetables, or salad dressings. Twice as sweet as sugar, honey proportions need to be half those of sugar called for in many recipes. Since it is a liquid, you may want to cut back on other liquids slightly when baking cakes and cookies. And you will want to watch the baking closely because honey will cause quicker browning in the oven.

Nanci Babbitt of Otisfield sent along a wonderful concoction for sweetening holiday breads or what-have-you:

Swiss Honey

Mix together equal parts of honey, whipped cream, and butter.



The following ancient Roman recipe dates from about the time of Christ and was also sent by Nanci, who tells us that

Catherine de Medici used to have her fish transported from Italy to France in kegs of honey. Mediterranean cooks have long prepared fish, fowl, and meat with honey.

Fish de Medici

6 whole trout (or any fish filet)

1/2 cup cooking oil	1/3 cup flour
2/3 cup water	1/2 Tbsp. rosemary
2 lemons, juiced	3 Tbsp. honey
2 Tbsp. shredded almonds	3 Tbsp. raisins
salt & pepper to taste	1 clove garlic, crushed

Salt and pepper the fish and roll in flour. Heat the oil and rosemary in a skillet and fry the fish until done. Place cooked fish in a shallow baking dish. Boil remaining ingredients and pour over fish. Simmer gently in hot oven for about 5 minutes. Serves six.

The word "honey" comes originally from the Arabic "han" which became "honig" in German and, eventually, "hunig" in Old English. The sweet yellow liquid should be kept in a dry place (honey retains moisture). The refrigerator is not a good place, but the freezer will do well, because freezing will not harm honey's color or flavor. If the honey becomes granulated from cold, place the container in a bowl of water not warmer than the hand can bear until all the crystals are melted. The wonderful keeping qualities of honey by itself make it a boon to the person who wishes to bake ahead for special events. Baked goods made with honey will retain moisture and not dry out quickly.

Here are some wonderful holiday gift idea recipes from Rena Robinson in West Paris:

Honey Date Pudding with Lemon Sauce

1/4 cup honey	
1/4 cup butter	1 cup honey
2 eggs	1/2 tsp. vanilla
2 1/2 cups cake flour, sifted	2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. cinnamon	1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. ground cloves	3/4 c. chopped dates
1/2 tsp. nutmeg	1/2 cup pecan pieces
1 cup evaporated milk	

Cream butter until light and fluffy; add honey, eggs, vanilla; beat 1 min. Sift together flour, baking powder, spices and salt; add dates and nuts and mix until dates are flour-coated. Add milk to flour mixture; stir until well-blended. Combine two mixtures; pour into buttered 5-cup mold. Cover tightly with lid that fits mold or with foil tied by a strong cord. Place in pressure cooker on rack. Pour in hot water to come halfway up the side of the mold. Close cooker lid tightly; start cooker on high heat. Let steam escape for 30 minutes. Place pressure cooker regulator on vent pipe; when regulator begins to rock gently, cook for an additional 45 min. at medium heat. Remove; cool immediately with cold water. When pressure drops, remove regulator. Take pudding out, remove lid or foil. Cool slightly and then remove pudding from mold. (Note: if pudding is steamed on a rack in a steamer or a large kettle, steam for 2 hours.)

Lemon Sauce

2 Tbsp. cornstarch	1 3/4 cups water
1 egg, well-beaten	3/4 cup honey
1/4 tsp. salt	1/4 cup lemon juice
	2 tsp. grated lemon peel

Mix cornstarch with small amount of water. Add remaining water, honey, egg, salt, and blend well. Cook and stir until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Remove from heat; stir in lemon juice and lemon peel. Makes 2 3/4 cups.

Breakfast Bread

Any regular biscuit recipe
1/3 cup honey
1/2 cup coconut (shredded or flaked)
or 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans

Shape cut biscuits into balls; dip them in honey and roll in pecans or coconut. Grease four 2 1/2" x 4 1/2" x 1 1/2" loaf pans, place 5 balls in each pan. Bake at 400° for 20 min. Remove from pans and serve immediately, or cool and wrap in foil for reheating later. (Makes 4 individual loaves.)


Honey Date Bread

1 1/2 cups chopped dates (1/2#)	2 Tbsp. butter
1/2 c. sugar and 1/3 c. honey	1 cup boiling water
3 cups sifted flour	3 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt	1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 beaten egg	1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Combine dates, sugar, honey, butter and boiling water; cool thoroughly. Sift together dry ingredients, add egg to the cooled wet mixture and stir in dry ingredients only enough to mix well. Stir in walnuts. Bake in a well-greased 9 1/2" x 5" x 3" loaf pan at 350° for 55-60 min. or until loaf tests done. Remove from pan onto a wire rack. Spoon Honey Icing down center of bread and sprinkle with 2 tsp. grated orange rind. (Makes 1 loaf.)

Honey Icing

Blend 1/4 cup confectioner's sugar with 2 Tbsp. honey. Warm honey, plain may be substituted for the sugar-honey mixture, if desired.



Don's Candy Corner

Think Christmas!
 Chocolates - Barks - Dietetic Candy
 Homemade Jams & Jellies - Price list on request
 Don's Candy Corner - Bridgton, ME 04009
 Rte. 117 - south of Bridgton - 647-5586



Honey Lime Sauce for Baked Yams

- 1/4 cup fresh squeezed lime juice
- 1 Tbsp. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup honey
- 1 Tbsp. butter
- 1 tsp. grated lime peel

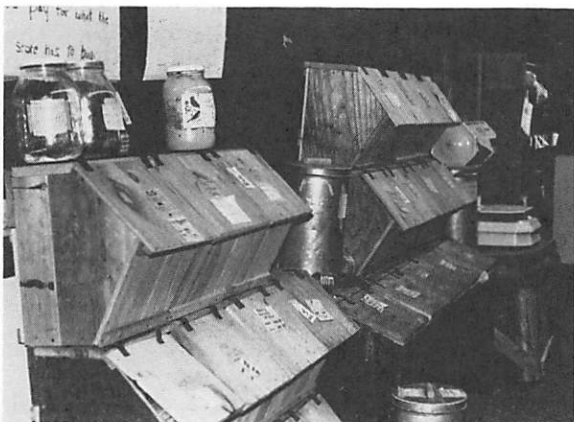
Blend lime juice and cornstarch; add to honey and cook until thickened. Stir in butter and lime peel. Spoon over baked yams before serving. (Makes about 1 cup.)

Honeyed Chicken

- 1 broiler-fryer (3-4 lbs.), quartered
- Butter
- 1/2 cup honey
- 2 Tbsp. soy sauce

Arrange chicken in a low baking pan. Brush with soft butter and drizzle with honey-soy sauce combination. Bake at 350° about 1 1/2 hours until chicken is tender, brushing with honey sauce frequently. Remove chicken from pan. Skim fat from gravy. Add any remaining honey sauce and thicken with cornstarch, if desired. Serve over chicken. (Serves 4 people.)

At right, Andree Kehn of Norway measures honey from bulk containers into individual jars. Regular shoppers at Fare Share Co-op Store bring their own jars from home for refilling with grains, rice, honey, peanut butter, vanilla, and other things. Just like in an old-time general store, homemade bins (below) hold bags of dried fruit and nuts.



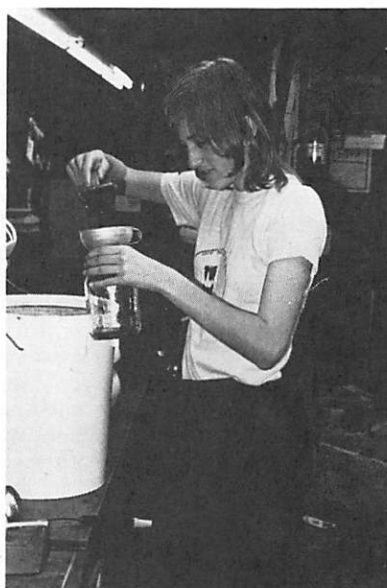
Joanne Clad, also of West Paris, sent along a favorite honey dessert recipe which will keep a long time, if tightly covered, she says.

Honey Bars

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 1/2 cup honey | 2 c. whole wheat flour |
| 3 Tbsp. butter | 2 cups baking powder or |
| 2 Tbsp. chopped lemon peel | 1/4 tsp. baking soda & |
| 2-3 tsp. cinnamon | 1/2 tsp. crm. of tartar |
| 1/4 tsp. ground cloves and/or | 1/2 c. chopped nuts |
| 1/4 tsp. mace | additional w. w. flour |

Heat honey in saucepan slowly until liquid. Add butter. Combine 2 cups whole wheat flour and baking powder. Add honey to make a thick batter. Add lemon peel, cinnamon, etc. Then add additional flour until dough is somewhat sticky. Pat into greased pans until you have a layer 3/8" thick. Bake at 350° for 20-25 min. Do not overbake or the bars will be hard. Remove from pan while warm and slice into bars.

With these special recipes, we at **BitterSweet** wish all of you a warm and merry Christmas full of the joy that comes from cooking special things for your families and friends. □



Marcotte, **BitterSweet's** copy and production editor, is secretary of the board of directors at Fare Share Co-op Store. She lives in Norway with her two children.

Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

"No matter how exotic human civilization becomes, no matter the developments of life and society nor the complexity of the machine/human interface, there always comes interludes of lonely power when the course of human-kind, the very future of human-kind, depends upon the relatively simple actions of single individuals. —Frank Herbert, DUNE

The following piece was written by Dr. Lacombe upon hearing the news that the Norway-Paris Kiwanis Club's Operation Santa Claus had been cancelled this year due to lack of public support. BitterSweet has since learned that the project has been begun again by local churches and Rightstart people under the name Christmas For Kids.

APATHY

It is natural for man to be oblivious to the misery around him. How else could he retain his sanity in the face of millions of starving Cambodians? How could we otherwise withstand the shock to our senses when confronted daily with the deprivation in our own Oxford Hills, with its tar-paper shacks, poorly-clothed children, and empty Christmases? For our very survival, we must insulate ourselves from the great horror that life can be. We must surround ourselves with illusion and so withdraw from a reality which might otherwise drive us mad. In doing so we can only catch glimpses of what really goes on around us. The alternative, for those who cannot retreat, who cannot insulate, who see our world always as it really is, is psychosis.

When we see the hardships of the "have-nots" perfectly counterpoised with the indifference of the "haves," we should not deplore man's heartlessness, but rather marvel at his necessary self-deception. This is in the very nature of things. It is existential.

To avoid an awesome confrontation with human misery, man embroils himself in ritual. The greater his powers of awareness, the more elaborate his ritual must be, but the ritual is there nevertheless. The nature of our rituals, the illusion under which each of us operates, is one great characteristic which sorts us out, one from the other. And another great distinction is the matter of courage. More about courage later.

The ritual of life is for many quite simple: eight hours at the mill, supper, four hours of television, and sleep. One might interject a fair amount of self-pity and helplessness into such a life, and justifiably so. Bound up in this is a sense of powerlessness: what could I do? What can I give? Abdicating freedom and responsibility, one may feel guilt from having failed, from not having tried and, more deeply, the guilt from having touched no one else.

As the business day becomes more frenzied, intellectual awareness more acute, and life more sophisticated, the rituals necessarily grow more elaborate. These people who seem to have power seem to discharge their obligations to the welfare of man through taxes, donations, and prayer. Though intrinsically good acts in themselves, are these measures enough? Do they represent any real involvement, or is their bottom line apathy after all? I am the last to disparage philanthropy. But when the giving of a quarter at Sunday service maintains one's illusion that the Cambodians are fed and the children clothed, that's the point when I begin to take issue.

We persist in our illusions in our intellectual life. We complain, we criticize, we meet and discuss. We form committees. We study the situation. Convinced that our actions can have no cosmic significance, we feel we can at least carp about the way things are, and so believe that we have begun to solve matters. "It's their own damn fault... they'd rather be on welfare... a little honest work." And so it goes.

Be reminded that such apathy is normal, that though our rituals may vary, it is imperative that we all divorce ourselves from a full comprehension of human suffering in order to survive. How often we let down our guard to look at reality, how much we see, and what we then do about things when we see them, is a matter of courage. It is also natural that some will have

more courage than others. Courage is not a question of virtue. One is endowed with more or less of it. Very occasionally, once in a generation or so, a true courageous hero emerges, taking large bites of reality, assimilating them, and then plunging into remarkable solutions. And the world is given an Albert Schweitzer. The rest of us seem at best to vacillate between resolve and futility.

Within this framework, the depression and emptiness felt at Christmastime becomes understandable. At a time of year when miracles once happened and all things were possible, splashes of red and green may have turned to gray. One struggles for the "Christmas spirit." Perhaps with a surfaced memory, a favorite carol, or the purchase of a thoughtful gift, one feels that "spirit," that suffusion of power, selflessness, and heroism. We are transcended. And just as suddenly, the feeling is gone. The palpable guilt remains. We feel that there should be more. The loss of our traditional society, of the extended family, of the ease of large gatherings, only adds to our isolation and deepens our apathy.

**We may harness the
"Christmas spirit" . . .**

**seek out those who need us . . .
create out of a collective courage.
For though we may shy away from
caroling alone, we can certainly
carol together .**

At a time when we should all be heroes, we counter instead with more ritual. We get the Christmas cards out. We shop. We put up the lights. We shop. We decorate the tree. We shop. We phone the relatives. We shop. And finally, it's done. We've gotten through another Christmas. Then comes the inevitable guilt. Lacking courage to create, subliminally aware of the empty Christmases around us, failing to be the hero we had always intended to be, we can only wonder what it is that's missing.

There is, I think, a way out of this mire of apathy. One may harness this "Christmas spirit," use it to transcend the most lofty intentions, and from it fuel courage. We may plunge into reality and take action. Though such action might be viewed as aberrant behavior at any other

Page 40...

Don't forget **Perham's** this Christmas!

There's a gift for anyone's budget:
Maine Minerals • Stone Carvings
Maine Tourmaline Jewelry
Special Design Jewelry • Books
Jewelry Repaired



**Perham's
Maine Mineral Store**

Jct. Rts. 26 & 219 • West Paris, Maine

Hours: Mon. - Sat. 9 - 5 / Sun. 1 - 5

Mailing Service

Free Gift Wrapping

Phone Orders Accepted

*Chalmers
Realty* **R**
REALTOR



FOR THE EXECUTIVE: in Bridgton w/3 ac. plus 144' frontage lot on Highland Lake. Family room w/fp, old-fashioned kitchen, dining rm. & living rm. ea. with fps. 3 brms., room for 4th on top floor, 1½ baths. Barn. Town water, landscaped, walking distance to village, cement dock & boat-launching ramp. Price \$92,000. For details, contact:

CHALMERS REALTY

30 Main Street

Bridgton, Maine 04009

Tel. 207-647-3311

From the book *Maine Is Forever* come
tales of a Maine Christmas of thirty years ago.

Recollections

Maine Is Forever: DECEMBER

by Inez Farrington



December—as the year prepares to die, it shows a final energy, as is often the case with old people in their final illness. December has cold snappy days that put new life in spirits dulled by November's gloom. The sun favors us with its light through the day, although the mornings are dark and twilight comes earlier than in November.

I firmly resolve on the first day of the month to have all my Christmas gifts bought and wrapped at least two weeks before Christmas. I will not go through the last minute rush and confusion that I did last year. It is much easier to shop now while stocks are complete. It is better for my temper and disposition and I will be able to clean up the house the week before Christmas and enjoy the mail without the worry that other last minute shoppers are having. The roads are good and the day is cold but clear, a fine day to go to Norway and get started on the Christmas list which I made out completely last evening.

The trip to Norway is delightful. Christmas wreaths are in the doors, the miniature trees growing beside the road are loaded with sparkling snow, and the streets are thronged with happy shoppers. Time passes quickly and I get home in time to put away my purchases and get supper started before the hungry children get home. As I put away my packages, I find that I bought only one Christmas gift. Oh well, it's a start. Next time I'll get all of them.

The bright happy hours of December might well be known as the children's hours, for no other month in the year is as important to small people. It is their month of glad anticipation and joy, the time when they are unusually well behaved as they plan on new sleds, electric trains, and cowboy

outfits. Little girls are ready to help their mothers and are little ladies as they look forward to owning new dolls, furniture, and all the household furnishing that are so dear to the hearts of young housekeepers. It is the one time in the year when they are the center of the adults' thoughts, from grandmother, aunts, uncles, fathers, and mothers, down to small brothers and sisters. Each youngster is busy on secret plans of his own, and mothers must often help but must never guess that the long crooked stitches are going to be a pin cushion for her.

Long hours are spent in school going over and over the lines for the Christmas play that will later be presented to the public. Days are spent with the teacher struggling with a tearful miss who cannot get her voice up to the high note required in "O, Come All Ye Faithful." After weary weeks of rehearsing, the program is ready to be heard by the fathers and mothers, who have already heard it practiced at home until they are weary of it. The stars of the program never guess this as they parade on the stage dressed in their best finery, their hair curled and brushed, faces shining, and no signs of stage fright. The entertainment gets under way to the accompaniment of small babies crying, hushed coughing, and the rustling of the grown-ups in the uncomfortable chairs. The costumes are really beautiful and show the hard labor the teachers have put on them. Each small girl in her white robe and glistening crown looks like a tiny angel and each mother fondly thinks she is one. They get through their roles with no mishaps until Santa's stomach slips or a shepherd forgets his lines; but this fails to dampen the spirits of either the performers or audience and the applause is all that can be desired.

Plans for the Christmas day dinner get

under way. The mince pies are made and frozen in order to keep them fresh for the next few days. The dinner is not much of a problem when your own chickens and turkey have been fattening for weeks in the pen and the vegetables are waiting in the cellar. Just such a typical Christmas dinner as this was once served in Chicago entirely from Maine products, prepared in the summer by guests who went home to Chicago in September. It was complete even to the drinking water that had been kept in thermos jugs. The potatoes and vegetables were grown in the family's own garden, cranberries were gathered from the sides of Speckle Mountain, and the chicken had been canned during the hot August days. That Maine Christmas dinner served in Illinois was pronounced both delicious and a novelty. In these days off frozen food lockers, there is no reason why this practice could not be common.

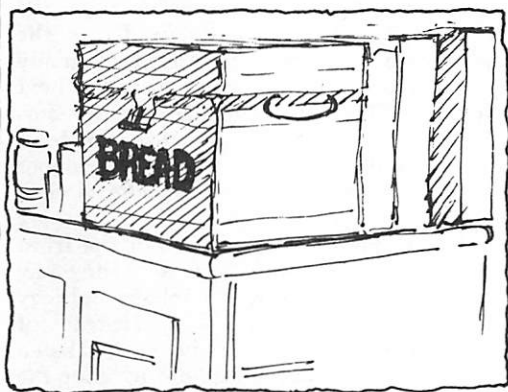
The day before Christmas each home is in an uproar. The children are all at home, the dog is full of excitement, and the cat gets under foot and lets out a yell every time he is stepped on in the rush. I count each article that is to go into the stockings in order that each one has an equal amount. I discover that I am lacking three presents and must go to Norway after them this afternoon. I forgot to send a Christmas card to Aunt Susy and must get one off in a hurry, hoping she will think it was delayed in the heavy mail. The mailman brings me packages from friends I had removed from my list and I add a guilty conscience to my wild rush of thoughts. I have to change my mind about the gifts I had planned and substitute something else in the crowded stores. By six o'clock in the evening things have settled down a bit: the house is clean from top to bottom, everything is in its

place, and I warn members of the family to wipe the snow off their feet when they come in and remind the children to keep their comic books in a neat pile.

Finally I wrap up the last of the gifts, and we gather around the piano for Christmas carols. Somehow we like our own Christmas music better than the much finer selections that could be heard on the radio. On this holiday eve we prefer our rendition of "Little Town of Bethlehem" to Bing Crosby's, although Bing can do a far better job than any of us. It seems to be our humble way of expressing our faith and gratitude for this, the greatest Birthday of all.

Five well-filled stockings waiting for Christmas morning. I look back across the years to the mornings I always found my own the same way. There was no thought then of the love and sometimes sacrifice that went into filling our stockings. We expected to find them full and we always did, never wondering how Mother and Santa managed. No one truly appreciates a mother except another mother. But truly it is more blessed to give than to receive; and if I have given a store of happy memories, then I am content. For memories last a lifetime, long years after a gift is worn out or forgotten.

Christmas afternoon is a time for looking over our gifts and trying out each new gadget that we received. My clean house is a scene of confusion and disorder. Presents are piled on the piano, coffee table, and stairs. No chair is safe to sit in until you look to see if you are sitting on a fragile gift. New neckties deorate the pictures on the wall, wrapping paper is ankle deep on the floor. Lois has already lost her lipstick, Janice has broken a cup in her set of dishes, and the dog is sick from eating too much dinner. The boys hope for more snow tomorrow so they can try out their new skis; the girls want to go to the movies to show off their new clothes. Half the children in town drop in to find out what our children received and tells us what they got. This interchange is expected to be followed by an offering of the Christmas candy, of which both guests and hosts have already had too much. I retire early with a headache and my new gift books, soon to be followed by the rest of the family, weary, tired and suffering from indigestion. Another Christmas is over, but it was worth every bit of the work and effort—a small town Christmas celebrated in the Maine manner, by helping to bring



**COOL
IN THE
SUMMER**



**WARM IN THE
WINTER**



LESSCO ENGINEERING

RTE. 26 - OXFORD, MAINE
207/743-6021

*MAIL: RFD 1, BOX 393, SO. PARIS, ME. 04281



ALTA INDUSTRIES LTD.

*SEND \$3.00 FOR COMPLETE
LOG HOME PORTFOLIO

*Better Living,
Naturally!*



LOG HOMES COUNCIL

TwinTownTrailer Sales & Service



★ Quality Homes ★ Affordable Prices ★ Dependable Service

**And A Genuine Concern For
Your Housing Needs!!**

WE FEATURE:

**OXFORD VISTA
WINDSOR TITAN**

*Open: Mon. - Fri. 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Sat. 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.*

Rte. 26, Oxford, Maine 04270 539-4472

cheer to others as well as our own, and bringing the ties of friendship and family ever closer together.

Our first thought on waking on the morning of December twenty-sixth is that something unpleasant is going to happen or has happened, and we think, "Christmas is over, nothing to look forward to now." A part of the brightness and gaiety seems to leave the month in the final week. The children have a week's vacation left but the weather turns stormy and very cold, and they come in by the fire where they read a little, lunch a great deal, and quarrel a bit.

The weeks seem to drag as if December hated to turn us over to its bad neighbor, January. The Christmas tree is stripped of its glamour and put outdoors, discarded and forgotten, where it soon blows away in the wind as if it were anxious to leave such ungrateful people. The gifts are put away and the house returns to normal. The candy and nuts are gone, and the stockings that in these days of socks are only used at Christmas are packed away for a year. Instead of writing Christmas lists and cards to mail, I write thank-you notes to far-away friends and places. Once again the days are full of routine work and the evenings with games, popping corn, and making candy. Cold Mondays hold their washing day blues for me, and midyear exams for the children.

Yes, the last week of December is dull and weary, like an aged person who clings to life that is almost gone. It is too early for winter carnivals or Snow Queen balls, there isn't much satisfaction in cleaning the house only to have snow tracked in over and over and dust from the stoves and furnace gathering almost while you watch. Spring catalogs will not be out for six weeks at least and we know the winter one so well that we can tell exactly what page the dresses begin on; and the book will open automatically to the washing machine we have looked at so many times, wondering if we can afford it next summer. The wind moans and screams outside and hurls snow against the windows like a small boy who has lost his temper when he cannot open the door. The window shades on the east side of the house are drawn to keep out the blast but the front ones are left up so that anyone passing may catch a quick look at the lamplight and cozy cheer in the living room. Instead of Christmas carols on the radio we now listen to Jack Benny and the attempt to "Stop the

Music." Maine has gone into the house and closed the doors against Old Man Winter, who will have his own way for the next three months.

Another year is drawing to an end, a year to be recorded in small town diaries and on the pages of life, a year of trials and troubles, smiles and sorrow, of meeting new friends and saying our last good-bye to old ones, a year of gains and losses, failures and accomplishments. An ordinary year but not a wasted one; for who can count a year wasted that has been spent in trying to improve conditions in living, in education, and in making our state a better and happier place in which to live? Maine is not only a state in which to spend a vacation, it is a land of opportunity. With plenty of space in which to develop industries, it is a state where the latchstring is always out—where you have only to knock on the door to be made welcome.

What a new year will bring is anyone's guess. But we know it will bring soft summer rains, quiet starlight nights, and the deep snows of winter to be followed by the miracle of spring. It will bring glorious sunsets, fields of waving green, moonlit evenings when the earth is bathed in sparkling light. It will bring tender memories, new hope and refreshment for tired souls and bodies. Maine faces a new year with courage and the determination that only a rugged race of men and women who are used to overcoming obstacles can have. The year can be depended on to bring us faith in our fellowmen, a new tolerance toward all, and best of all it will bring its strange peace that passeth understanding—for God is good to Maine. □

Mrs. Farrington, now a resident of Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris, wrote her book, **Maine Is Forever** at East Stoneham in 1954.

ODDITIES OF NATURE

While neighbors boast
of a host
of feathered rarities,
My feeders house
one small mouse
and squirrels by the threes.

T. Jewell Collins
No. Waterford



Annual Christmas Open House

December 24th - Monday

8:30 - 11:30 a.m.

1:30 - 4:00 p.m.

Bean's Restaurant
Main Street - South Paris, Maine



Greenwood Orchards Farmstand & Cider Mill

Apples • Cider • Maple Syrup • Honey
Fresh Ground Peanut Butter
Vegetables • Old-Fashioned Cheese

Open Daily:

10 a.m.-5 p.m. Nov.-Dec.

Rt. 4, Turner
225-3754



KEN'S AUTO SERVICE
23 Fair St. - Norway, Maine - 743-8256



Husqvarna

Famous Swedish engineering since 1620

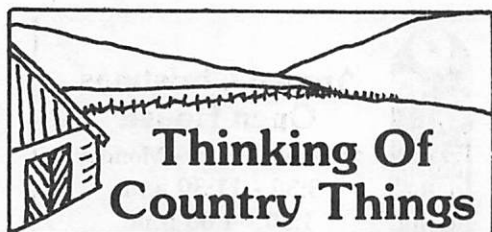


Safe & Sure—That's Husky!



LESSCO ENGINEERING

RTE. 26 - OXFORD, MAINE
207/743-8081



Thinking Of Country Things

WINTER BIRDS

The paring down starts early. As Robert Frost says in *The Oven Bird*, "Mid-summer is to spring as one is to ten." By August, the real show of wildflowers is over, with only golden-rod, milkweed, joe-pye weed and aster to bloom, among the more common things.

And the season of bird mating, nesting and hatching has passed, which puts an end to all the chasings and displays. Birdsong also declines. The catbird is content to complain like a cat; having put aside its repertoire of insulting parodies of other birds. The phoebe doesn't shout its name often, nor with anywhere near the same intensity.

By first frost, the winding-down proceeds in earnest. With birds, I guess it's a matter of energy. How much energy (meaning food) is still available; how well suited is the bird's body for producing energy (or heat) and storing it; and how effective is the plumage as a heat collector or insulator?

Faced with these questions, the hummingbird makes a quick exit. Frost has spoiled its food sources; its body burns energy feverishly and stores none; and the plumage is not much more than a gaudy silken wrap. In a similar plight, who wouldn't head for the house?

Large birds also have problems. A large body area, as with the great blue heron, presents a large potential for heat loss. A large body also requires sizeable quantities of food for sustenance. When the frogs disappear into the muck, as wise frogs will, the heron has no choice but to pack its bags.

It was in late September a few years ago that the cats came in from the woodshed one morning acting very spooked and when I went to investigate I found a great blue heron standing next to the chopping block as though he or she owned the place. It had been a windy, wet night, so heron had moved in for the duration. Later, it ambled out, checked several large puddles, and disappeared.

A few of the migrants linger into November; scattered warblers, robins in the orchards, the song-sparrow. The woodcock may still work the alder bottoms. In its case, the determinant is to some degree the availability of angle worms.

December... to my mind it's a hard month, worse than January or February in a way, because the days are at their shortest, and often the bad cold comes over bare or nearly-bare ground. Snow is a nuisance and sometimes a real trial, but at least it's insulation.

In December, the birds we see are the ones that will stay—and they can stay because of their adaptability. Winter birds share several characteristics. They have generally dark-colored plumage to absorb sunlight. The feathering either is tight, like good walls and windows in a house, or can be ruffled and fluffed out to hold cells of air like styrofoam or fiberglass.

And the size of winter birds tends to the median; the smallest and largest are generally excluded. (The bald eagle does winter in Maine, but special conditions are required, I think.) One has the chickadee at one end and the owl and the raven at the other; to me these are as well-adapted as any.

Further, winter birds have winter food sources. Worm and flying insect feeders obviously are forced to leave, while the grouse, for example, will feed on buds; mourning doves find seeds along the roadsides; and tree-sparrows and snow buntings gather seeds from the weeds and grasses that poke up through the snow.

I have my favorites, as I'm sure we all do. Who wouldn't love a chickadee? There are also those I spurn: blue-jays, for being thieves, and evening grosbeaks, for greed.

Though, as for the latter, I remember an early April day when Pat and I walked in toward little Concord Pond in Woodstock. The woods road ran under upland hardwood with many beeches, and the trees were filled with flocks of grosbeaks charging the air with their small chirps.

Chickadees and woodpeckers, both hairy and downy, both come to suet. Ours arrived this year in the last week of October, and presumably will continue visiting until late spring. Both are pleasant, for they're heard before the sun. One hears a "peek" and looks a minute or two later to see Mrs. Hairy pecking at her daily ration of fat. What she spills, the chickadees later gather from the

snow crust below.

I'm sort of partial to the nuthatch. One writer on the subject of birds says the name derives from the nuthatch's habit of gathering and storing nuts, but I think he misreads the "hatch" part of the name. In the 1300's, the name was spelled "notehache," where "hache" meant "to hack." This is closer to reality, I think, for the nuthatch will lodge acorns in crevices of trees in order then to split the shell, hacking it apart, as it were.

The nuthatch is peculiar for its ability to work upside down. It's often seen running down a tree trunk head first in its pursuit of small insects. I'm amused by the bird's call, which to my mind is like a beep tooted on a small tin horn. One could almost expect to see a bus about the size of a matchbox come whizzing through the woods.

Nuthatches do come to feeding stations, but we've never had them. Apparently, food is sufficient in our woods.

But during one cold spell the red-breasted nuthatch flew into the woodshed for several days running, I assume to try for insect life on the stored wood-piles.

Another bird I like is the tree sparrow. It is a winter visitor, coming south for the season. It's strange to think of Maine as south; as a place to escape to. But the tree sparrows, along with many juncos (called "snow birds" by some, locally) spend spring and summer in the farther north. When the early snows cover the tundra and the seed sources, the sparrows head south.

The tree sparrow is a tidy, plain bird, identified by the dark spot in the middle of a dun breast. The winter call is a two-note tinkling. At our place they arrive daily at very first light, while everything outside is greys, browns, and blacks. They fly from alder to alder to alder, a flock of ten or twelve, to more or less filter up to the feeder, casual, inconspicuous, as though they wished to remain anonymous.

By no means casual or inconspicuous is my real favorite, the raven. This favoritism, I realize, lays me open to suspicion, and perhaps even reproach. And true, I'm being

inconsistent, for a raven is very bit as much a thief as a blue-jay; only, perhaps, more clever.

Over the centuries, the raven has gotten mixed reviews, you could call them. An early reference occurs in the Bible, where ravens reportedly fed the prophet Elijah during a spell of want. They brought him both flesh and bread daily.

The raven was considered sacred to Apollo by both the Greeks and Romans. Apollo, a god of the sciences and arts, was also associated with inspiration and prophecy. The Roman seers came to claim an ability to read the future by studying a raven's flight. Thus the bird was considered a bird of omen. Naturally, it's only one step from there to calling the raven a bird of ill omen.

At times, among the superstitious, the raven was regarded as a death-bird. To simplify, when it said "croak," you were going to.

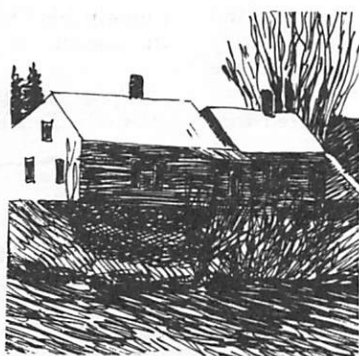
Of course, the raven gained additional notoriety thanks to *The Raven* by Edgar Allen Poe. In this, the raven is presented as a kind of link to the supernatural. The poet asks if he may hope to be reunited in some other realm with his lost love, "Leonore" and the raven's response is a gloomy "Nevermore."

I saw a raven for the first time while standing on the top of Bald Mountain in Woodstock. It

was lower than I, gliding over Shagg Pond, but at quite a height. Gliding, it looked so easy and comfortable, who could resist?

Since then I've been a raven-watcher. Frequently they're to be seen, in fours, fives, and sixes, traveling along the ridge that rises to the east of the farm. It's curious, but of the several hundred times I've watched ravens around here, almost without exception they've been traveling northeast to southwest or vice-versa. This says something, I believe, about the lay of the land and air currents. Unlike crows, ravens flap and then glide. They seem to glide as they can, a sign that they're smarter than crows, and so they make a practice of following the updrafts.

Though economical about flapping,



ravens aren't miserly about flight. They make quite a business, in fact, of coasting, soaring and diving just for fun. Often it takes them twice the time it would a sober-sided crow, because they're caught up in chasing each other through a run of barrel-rolls and falling-leaves that a stunt pilot might envy.

They talk it up at the same time. I haven't really sorted it out, but the vocabulary seems quite large. (I mean bird-talk; they can, of course, be taught to mimic human-talk.) Besides the rather high-pitched, coarse croak there are whistles, clicks, and rattles. I remember a solitary raven, a rarity, flying southeast very far up who did the whole number from croak to click as it went, as though to compensate for lack of company.

They're watching and listening as they go. Occasionally, they'll suddenly abandon the flight plan to swoop lower for a better look. One day, while I was roofing the wood-shed, a pair of ravens approached, croaking. So I rolled over on my back to see them, and croaked back. The ravens immediately turned aside, came lower, and looked me over. They, however, didn't stop in.

On another occasion, I was alerted to a

raven only by the shadow of its wings. It had dived close, having spotted a dead rat discarded by our old mouser. The carcass wasn't bigger than a lump and doubtless the raven had been flying several hundred feet up as ravens characteristically do, which says something about the bird's eye-sight if not its taste in food.

Ravens are not fussy eaters. They eat vegetable materials as well as meat; the latter may be living, half-dead, or far-gone. They, like gulls, will drop clams on rocks to break them. Such a lack of particularity about diet helps explain the raven's range. It's to be found, in North American, from Alaska to southern Mexico, across all of Canada, and down into Maine. It also frequents the coastal regions of Greenland.

So while romantics may wish to be re-incarnated as a sea-gull (a most low bird in my estimation), I shall opt for the raven. Dressed all in black, like Hamlet, I shall glide far above the December snow. A fantastical thought for a Buckfield farmer? Perhaps it's the season. □

Meador divides his time between writing and farming in Buckfield.

....Page 33 Medicine

time of year, we will at worst be blamed only for an excess of Christmas spirit. We can seek out those who need us, rather than wait to be instructed. Buttressed by the collective spirit of the time, we can create out of a collective courage. For though we may shy away from caroling alone, we can certainly carol together. Forgetting for a time that government, taxes, welfare, and Medicaid are today's "solutions," we can supply some solutions of our own. We can give. We—you and I—cannot change the world, and we shall never feed Cambodia, but we can make Oxford Hills a different and better place to live for everyone. And that is most certainly within our power. □

Dr. Lacombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group in Norway, is on the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Board.

THE MAINE POTATOES - BY BRITT WOLFE



Cut a hole in the pocket you carry your tobacco in and after a while you will be glad you took the advice.



SMITH'S
Shop 'n Save

Quality
and Service



Oxford Plaza
Route 26
Oxford, Maine



EMERY'S

BUILDING MATERIALS

Pittsburgh Paints • Masonry Supplies
Woodburning Stoves
Miami-Carey Kitchen & Bath Access.

*A Complete Line
of Building Supplies*

Trap Corner • West Paris • 674-2707



743-6094

RICHARD M. LABAY Co.

PLUMBING & HEATING
WOOD & OIL

Reservoir Road So. Paris, Me. 04281



**TWIN TOWN
GLASS**

Insurance Replacements
Complete Auto Glass
Store Front Repairs

For All Your Glass Needs
45 Lower Main St. - Norway 04268
Fred Campbell - 743-6478
Broadway - Farmington 04938

HANCOCK LUMBER

*4 Convenient
Locations*

Casco
Rt. 121 - 627-4201

Gray
Rt. 100 - 657-3361

North Windham
Rt. 302 - 892-6711

South Paris
Main St. - 743-7946



**WE'RE
HERE TO SERVE**

**INTEREST IN
YOUR ACCOUNT?
YOU BET!**



**Norway
National
Bank**

Norway
Bridgton
South Paris

Member F.D.I.C.

"Ayah right friendly folks"

**L.M. LONGLEY
and SON**



*Ayuh —
If you can't find it at
Longleys — fergit it!*

PLUMBING • HEATING

WATER PUMPS

**PAINT
PLUMBING
HARDWARE
SEPTIC TANK
SERVICE**

743-8924
196 Main Street, Norway

Buick



PONTIACS



**One Stop Shopping
CARRICK CARES**

Oldsmobile



CARRICK MOTORS, INC.
Lower Main Street - Norway - 743-8944



CHEVY TRUCKS



Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS

December is the bleakest time, weather-wise, of the year. First, the duration of daylight reaches its annual minimum at mid-month and winter sports participants must endure dark bus rides home from practice. Second, the twelfth month is called "Dark December" for good reason, because storm activity reaches its peak. Frequent days with overcast, dark skies add to the bleakness of the beginning winter.

There are a couple of reasons why storm activity increases now. The Canadian storm track now passes over the Great Lakes, sending warm and cold fronts in endless succession over the hills and lakes region. Storm activity over the Gulf of Mexico also reaches its peak at this time so *Northeasters* frequently lash the area during the last week of December.

But that last week of December holds a little more meaning to us than any other week of the year—it's Christmas week. We want to see snow on the ground on Christmas morning. It just wouldn't seem right to be opening presents while the lawn needed mowing. Taking a look at our last eight winters, we can see what our chances are for a white Christmas:

1971: We had fourteen inches of snow on the ground by December 1st. Cold weather following the snow and a couple more light storms insured a traditional Yuletide.

1972: We had enough snow to send down to Daytona Beach, Florida this December. By Christmas we had $48\frac{1}{2}$ inches of snow recorded (compared to a monthly average of about 20 inches). Three storms of 13", 9" and 8" respectively, insured a white Christmas.

1973: This was the most disappointing Christmas of the decade: a measurable snowfall did not occur until January 2nd. Several storms during December which started as snow quickly turned to rain. This snowless December became a prototype for the rest of the winter as we only recorded 50

inches of snow for the year, compared to a normal 100. Needless to say, there was no white Christmas in 1973.

1974: An eight-inch snowfall on the 17th of December coupled with a six inch fall on Christmas Day made the area white on the morning of the 25th.

1975: The half-way point of the decade just barely had a white Christmas. A five-inch snowfall on November 27th was melted by 50° temperatures on December 15th. But an eleven-inch storm on the 22nd and temperatures in the single numbers brought back snow for the holidays.

1976: The Bicentennial Christmas was a lackluster holiday. Four storms of under three-inches each put only a light coating of snow over the hills and lakes region.

1977: Although the ground was bare as late as December 5th, thirty-two inches of snow during the next three weeks gave us a white Christmas. Highlighting this snow-barrage were two snowstorms of ten inches each. Heavy rain on the 21st dulled the appearance of the snow somewhat, but the ground was white and so was the Christmas.

1978: Seventeen and three-quarters inches of snow fell up to the 25th and our region had the first real Christmas Day storm of the decade. I was in Salem, Massachusetts for Christmas and throughout the early evening of the 24th, forecasters were changing their minds to accommodate new information on the storm developing close to the coast; the forecasts went from rain with a warm southeast gale to snow with a cold northeast gale.

Finally, at seven o'clock, they seemed to have reached a final consensus—snow. But at about ten o'clock I took a walk outside and I could tell that it wasn't going to snow—the wind was out of the south and very warm. I was right—the storm was a rainstorm in Salem. Here in the hills and lakes region Christmas saw ten inches of snow.

It looks as if our chances for a white Christmas here are very good most years. Only once in the last eight winters did we have a brown winter. But don't look for a great amount of snow—five or six inches is ample for tradition.

The best way to know if we are going to have a white day is, of course, to listen to a weather radio or watch the weather report on the nightly news. But weathermen use an esoteric language so it might help if I divulge a little information on the terms used:

F.T.D.

FLOWERS

by APRIL LYNN

We Are Everywhere You Are
Distinctive Design for Any Occasion
WE DELIVER ANYWHERE
MON. THRU SAT. 9 - 4
824-2454

MAIN ST.

BETHEL, ME.

HEAVY-DUTY ECHO CHAIN SAWS CAN CUT IT.



Perfect for clearing, stockpiling wood...

...all the big jobs

Check our discounted prices

Ernest Angevine

Main Street - Bethel - 824-2286

ECHO

Tel. 743-2653



Yamaha
Exciter 440

MARTIN'S REPAIR

Snowmobile Sales & Service

YAMAHA

Harrison Rd. - Rt. 117

When you know how they're built.

Norway, Me. 04268



LET US FRAME YOUR WORK
Paintings - Medals - Photos
Diplomas or your own Needle-art
Exclusive—Tom Foley's
Decorative Decoys

Pleasant
KNOLL

CUSTOM FRAMING & ARTIST SUPPLIES

539-2937

PLEASANT STREET - OXFORD, MAINE

Weathermen seem to like to fool us with special and important-sounding advisories, which usually have the attached tag of "watch" or "warning." If the weatherman says there is a *winter storm watch*, for example, he means that there is a possibility of a winter storm in the near future. It does not mean that an all-out blizzard will level the area in ten minutes. If the forecaster issues a *winter storm warning*, then there just might be an all-out blizzard leveling the area within ten minutes!

Confusion also exists on another term frequently used in reference to this area. That term is the *heavy snow warning*. When one is issued, it doesn't mean that the snow will weigh a lot, or that many flakes will come down at the same time. A heavy snow warning only means that a certain amount of snow will fall in a certain amount of time. In the hills and lakes region, a heavy snow warning usually means six inches or more of snow is expected within a 24-hour period.

Two other terms that are commonly confused are *freezing rain* and *sleet*. Their differences have been explained in this column and other places but not the different weather conditions in which they exist. Freezing rain is rain that falls on objects that are below freezing and thus the rain freezes to the object. Freezing rain occurs when the temperature at the surface is well below freezing but warm air is entering the area at higher levels (for instance, when a storm tracks to the west and warm air is dragged up over the hills). Since cold air often sinks into the valleys, this explains why freezing rain wreaks its havoc more in the lowlands.

Sleet is already-frozen rain. This form of precipitation does not occur in the winter as often as freezing rain does, since it pelts its way to earth when the air of the atmosphere is uniformly below freezing but not so low as to permit the formation of snow. Sometimes the lower air may also be colder than the upper atmosphere, but usually when the lower air is below freezing, the upper air is cold enough for snow.

The worst example of the dark and stormy conditions of this month came in 1839 when three separate storms lashed southern New England during December. The first came from December 15th to the 16th, the second was from the 22nd to the 23rd, and the third hit on the 27th. High winds threw ships onto shore in many harbors along New

England's coast. Two of the three storms lashed inland areas with over a foot of snow. This was December at its worst.

It seems that Old Man Winter starts off with his full fury by lashing us with his many storms in December, and darkness reigns supreme until past the end of the month. If you really are desperate for some action, you could bet *against* the hills and lakes region having a white Christmas—but make sure you get some good odds.

Burns, a junior at Oxford Hills High School, lives in Waterford, where he is a weather observer for WCSH-TV.

...Page 20 Sweet Find

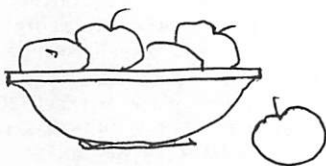
After the tree was placed where the family could all watch through the window, each day became exciting. Birds began to gather. It was something to look forward to each day—picking out the birds and the animals that came to call. Living ornaments brightened the tree with beautiful colors of red, bright orange, blue and deep yellow along with the browns and grays.

Chickadees with their black caps and bibs return again and again to this banquet of goodies laid out for their benefit. Each year they seem to sense the people who care and they plan to return, singing their thanks with all of their might.

Even after the birds and the animals are quite through with their winter provisions and the food is pretty near gone, the Christmas tree can still prove useful. Stripping the branches and crushing the fir needles to stuff into pillows brings the memory of Christmas into a home for years to come.

Christmas lasts but such a short time. But a Christmas tree can be the best buy of the season as you enjoy it inside and out and in the gifts that you make. So, when you buy a tree—pick a really good one and then share it with your fellow creatures. □

Nadja Bolio
Bryant Pond




SOLD

SUPER SIGN

Mountain—Valley associates

route 302 moose pond
west bridgton.
maine 04009
(207) 647-3729

All you need to know in Real Estate.

Richard H. Lewis Building & Remodeling



*Quality Craftsmanship
Specializing in Repairs
to Older Homes*

We take pride in our work
Pleasant St./Bridgton|207-647-8092

Lighthouse REALTY



LAKE & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

Our office is located on the NAPLES CAUSEWAY, in the HEART OF THE "SEBAGO-LONG LAKE REGION"
Let us serve your real estate needs in the area—brochure of listings upon request.

Robert G. Barton, Realtor
Naples, Me. • Tel. 207/693-6464 or 452-2988

LEWIS, CLARK & BROWN



INSURORS - REALTORS
693-3333

Jon Beal - Ralph E. Lewis, Jr.
RT. 302 NAPLES, ME.

THE HOME FRONT

With this article, **BitterSweet** introduces a new segment entitled "The Home Front," designed to highlight homes of interest throughout the Hills and Lakes Region. Some, like the houses of Paris Hill featured this month, will be of historical interest. Others will represent contemporary approaches in design, energy utilization, decoration, and living modes. Taken in toto, the places featured on these pages will present a composite picture of the way of life that is the Maine experience. —Ed.

The Houses of Paris Hill

from **The Jeffersonian**, published irregularly at Paris Hill

The stately homes of Paris Hill are an appropriate spot to begin to look at local living. Steeped in tradition and rich in architectural heritage, the sprawling Federal and Greek Revival homes of the Hill stand tribute to a time when living involved a quiet dignity. They gave shelter to a total of four Maine governors, three speakers of the Maine House, three presidents of the Maine Senate, twelve U. S. Representatives, two Senators, one Vice-President, and many other dignitaries.

Since being designated in 1973 as part of a National Historic District, the homes of the Hill have come to symbolize the unspoiled refinement of rural life.

Settled in the 1780's by the family of Lemuel Jackson, Paris Hill grew rapidly and in 1805 became the shire town of Oxford County. Most of the county buildings as well as most of the residences built at this time still remain. The growth of the community slowed after 1860 and practically ceased when the county seat moved to South Paris in 1895.



The Old House

The Old House was the first frame house in the town of Paris. It was built in 1789 by the town's first settler, Lemuel Jackson, Jr. who previously occupied a log house nearby. In 1804 the Old House was purchased by Capt. Samuel Rawson and was next the residence of his daughter and her husband,

Con. Timothy Jarvis Carter. Their descendants have continued to occupy the house, on down to the current residents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bucher.



Hannibal Hamlin Birthplace

Northlands, well known as the Hannibal Hamlin House, was the building in which the former Vice-President of the United States was born on Paris Hill. It was built in 1806 by his father, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who came here as the county's first clerk of courts. In 1860 the house became the property of William Chase, whose widow sold it to Kimball Atwood. Mr. Atwood, a Florida grapefruit developer, made alterations to the exterior. In 1972, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bahre bought the place and are the current owners.

Williscroft, built in 1810 by Deacon John Willis and his wife, a daughter of original settler Lemuel Jackson, Jr. Their grandson, Richard S. Willis, wrote the music to "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear." In the 1850's it became a two-family home owned by John C. Garland and Job H. Rawson. Elmer Cummings later restored it to a single family dwelling. Miss Emily Bissell, founder of the Christmas Seal program, was a summer resident of the place from 1920 until her death in 1947, and in 1948 it was purchased by Warren W. Stearns.

The Old Printing Office, now the residence of Raymond Atwood, was built in 1815 by Moses Hammond. From December of 1849, when its previous office burned, the *Oxford Democrat* was published here for fifty years until it merged with the old *Norway Advertiser*. Charles N. Andrews, a resident of Paris, had here printed the first issue of the *Seventh-Day Adventist Review* and *Herald* in November, 1850. Andrews became the first overseas missionary and foremost leader of the sect, and the *Review* was published here until 1852.

Cross Roads, built in 1814, was the home of Judge Stephen Emery. Hannibal Hamlin was twice married in this house, both wives being daughters of the judge. In 1976 it was the home of David and Thomas Smith.

The Registry was built in 1826 and served as offices for the Recorder of Deeds and Register of Wills, handling the overflow from the Court House offices from 1806 to 1894.

Lyonsden, built originally as a store in 1807 by Simeon Cummings, was later converted to a residence. In the 1890's, Admiral Henry W. Lyons bought the home and his son, Captain Harry Lyons also lived in it. He was the navigating officer of the airplane "Southern Cross" on its famous trip from the Pacific coast to Australia in 1929, the first plane to cross the Pacific Ocean.

Old Brick, built in 1813 by Capt. Samuel Rawson, is built of bricks which were made on the site. The captain's widow and daughter, the wife of Gen. William King Kimball continued living in the house. Gen. Kimball, an avid states' rights Democrat, sought a Congressional seat in 1854 and entertained as guest here Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederacy. Gen. Kimball was U. S. Marshal for Maine from 1857-1861. His son and subsequent owner, Admiral William Wirt Kimball, led the famous Nicaraguan Expedition of the Spanish-American War and was instrumental in convincing the Navy to build submarines. Charles Deering, with his father a founder of International Harvester, grew up in this house with the Kimballs. Rawson descendants still own the dwelling.

The Rawdings Home was built in 1899 and its succession of owners report interesting ghostly happenings. Next to this home was once the "Old Hilborn Place," where a sanatorium or "Ladies' Health Spa" was operated by Charlotte Hammond from the 1890's to the 1920's. That building has been demolished.



Inland Real Estate
Naples, Maine 04055



2 Miles East of Naples, Route 302
Phone (207) 693-6402
THE GOOD EARTH - WE SELL IT



MIKE QUINN REALTY

Main Street - Norway, Me. 04268
(207) 743-7473

Mike Quinn - Broker / Owner

Dick Craib - Associate	674-2768
Shirley Huff - Associate	743-6431
Bob McCready - Associate	743-2196

WE'RE THE NEIGHBORHOOD PROFESSIONALS
CENTURY 21 Action Warranty at participating offices.
Each office is independently owned and operated.



743-6923
or
743-6062

Hall/Hall Realty

48 Main St., So. Paris, Me.

Ranches • Land • Cottages
There's no obligation to look,
So come in and see what we have.

—Listings Invited—

Vivian Hall • Ethel David (674-2716)
BROKERS

DAVID A. KLAIN
AGENCY



Insurance
Real Estate
743-6319



Clayton E. Heath Jr. - Glenn E. Chute
Realtors

173 Main Street, Norway, Me.



The Paris Hill Country Club was built as a home by Henry Howe and then sold to James T. Clark. The stable was removed after the Club's purchase, but is memorable as a part of the barn in which Elder James Hooper, first pastor of the First Baptist Church, was ordained. The Country Club was organized in 1899.

Cotswold, now the residence of Dr. and Mrs. William Medd, was built in 1880 by Jarvis C. Marble as a home for his son. At one time it was owned and occupied by Judge William Potter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania as a summer home. Professor Walter Everett and C. Douglas Mercer, a trustee of Brown University were subsequent summer residents in this house, which sits on the site of the original Francis Bemis potash field.

The Parris House, built by George Ryerson in the 1830's, was for many years the home of the Parris family, including Virgil D. Parris, a congressman and acting governor of the state.



The Hubbard House

Seven Gables, an old Stage House erected in 1816 by Solomon Hall, was purchased in 1817 by Thomas Crocker and made into the second tavern in the village. In the late nineteenth century it was the livery stable of Job Rawson. In 1960 it became the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rawson.

The Union House, built in 1808 on the site of the town's first schoolhouse by Jacob Daniels, was from 1809 to 1819 the home of Gov. Albion K. Parris. Its next owner, Nathan Marble, made it into an inn.

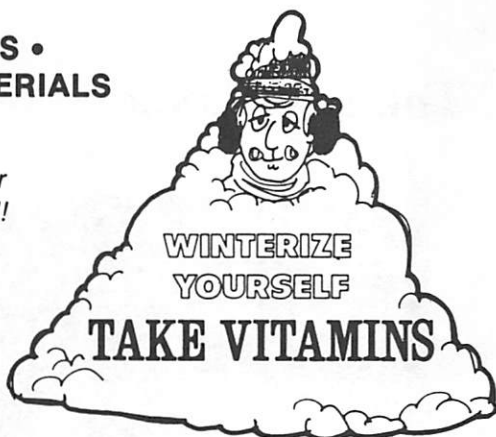
The Hubbard House was built in 1807 by General Levi Hubbard, who was a United States Congressman and his son Russell. The two-and-a-half story house featured movable hanging partitions in the second floor which could be made into one room. It was used as the first Masonic Hall in town. Gen. Hubbard was one of Maine's most active Masons. Hon. Hiram Hubbard inherited the house upon the general's death in 1836. A third floor was added in 1860 and the home was opened as a hotel in 1868 and run until 1938 by the Hubbard family. It was purchased the following year and restored as a private dwelling.

The Mallow, for many years an annex to the Hubbard House, was built in 1802 as the first home of Nathan Woodbury. Jonathan Bemis bought it in 1806 and opened it as the first hotel in the village. Bemis was also an early clockmaker; one of his few remaining clocks stands in the Hamlin Library.

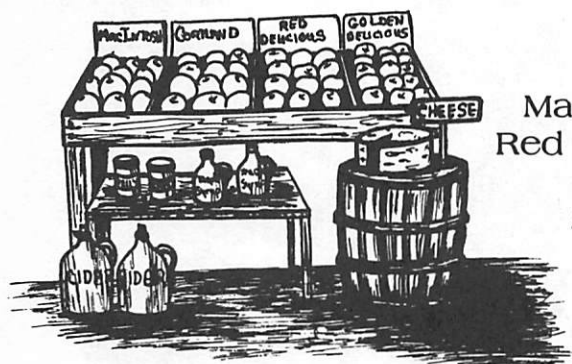
These are just a few of the more identifiable famous historical dwellings of Paris Hill. For locations and more information on buildings such as the old jail and the former Paris Hill Academy, contact the Paris Hill Historical Society.

**CANDY • CARDS •
DECORATING MATERIALS**

*Don't let winter
catch you cold!*



Now Two Locations to Serve You:
Main Street - Bethel - 824-2820
Market Square - So. Paris - 743-6223
24-Hour Emergency Service:
Pharmacists:
Chuck Primozech - John Richard



MacIntosh - Cortland
Red & Golden Delicious
APPLES &
SWEET CIDER

OLD-FASHIONED
CHEESE
HOMEMADE
JAMS & JELLIES
MAINE-MADE
MAPLE SYRUP

Open 9 am - 6 pm Daily

**COOPER
FARMS**

Rt. 26 - West Paris, Me.

674-2200

The Last Look



Two banks are better as The One.

South Paris Savings Bank and
Maine Savings Bank are now



Maine Savings Bank

Market Square, Cornwall Shopping Center, Oxford Plaza
Member FDIC 743-6349



OXFORD MILL-END STORE

"Wool Remnants A Specialty"

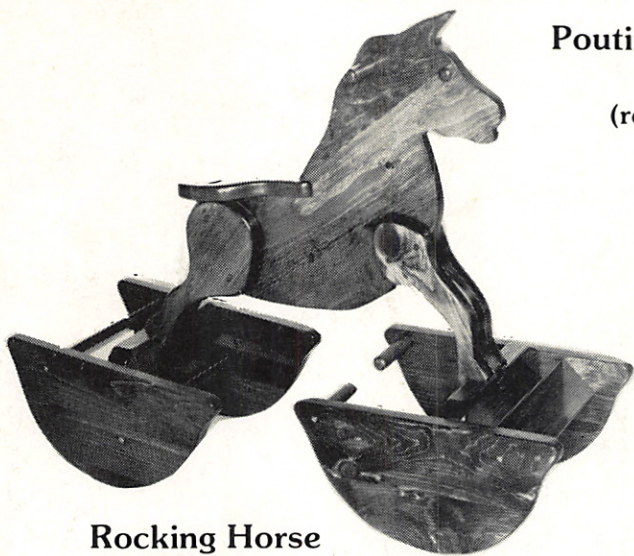
Regular Yard Goods
Rug Materials
Remnants / Coatings
Suitings
Yarns / Cottons

539-4451

Monday - Saturday
9 A.M. - 5 P.M.
King Street
Oxford

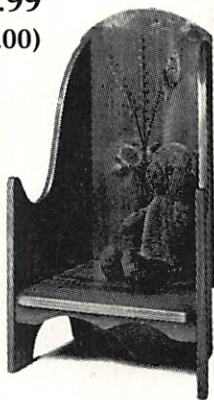


Blaine Mills
Box 175
Locke Mills, Me. 04255



Rocking Horse
\$89.95
(reg. \$125.00)

Pouting Chair
\$39.99
(reg. \$50.00)



OXFORD YANKEE

Rte. 26 ~ Oxford, Me
Mon - Sat 9-6 • Sun 1-6

207/743-7421